THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1872.

Vol. LI. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872. TERMS {$2.00 a Year; or, $2.50 if paid in Advance. Single Number, 5 Cents.} No. 48.

A HAPPY QUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Rose and Lily, hand in hand,
Go forth into the promised land,
By summer breezes softly fanned.

There, in some sweet, sunlit hour,
They will build their leafy bower,
Sunny bud and sunny flower.

Shining in a happy nest,
Close against earth's balmy breast,
There shall end their smiling quest;

While above shall sit and sing
Oriole with the golden wing;
And the robin, joyous thing,

Shall look upon the Lily's grace,
And view the Rose's blushing face,
And sing to see the fair embrace;

While soft and low, soft and low,
Fragrant winds shall come and go,
And tell how Rose and Lily grow!

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SEALS THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE COTTAGE ON THE BEACH.

A wild December night was closing in. The wind blew bitterly from the sea, bearing with it a chilling dampness which soon began to freeze, falling in the form of small, driving flakes of snow. In a little while these increased in size, and a steady snow-storm raged. The darkness was not great, for a full moon was above the clouds, yet not the less dismal was the scene. In the white gloom of the tempest objects assumed dim and ghostly forms, the obscurity being just sufficient to create that effect. Unutterably dreary was the aspect of the long coast-line, with a leafless forest roaring on one side and the dim ocean on the other.

The lamp of a lonely light-house shone with a wan glow through the mingled mist and snow. It was on an unfrequented part of the Long Island coast that the tall stone structure stood. A few furlongs distant, near the edge of a straggling wood, was the cottage of the light-house keeper, and to this spot our attention is directed.

The dwelling was of the humblest description, though with its low window a-light—uncurtained save by the outer darkness—it looked cheerful and hospitable enough that wintry eve.

Within, by the side of a roaring fire, made of fragments of old wrecks that the waves had cast ashore, sat the light-house keeper. He had returned from his place of duty, after trimming and lighting the great lamp in the tower, and was now enjoying himself beside his blazing hearth.

Bustling about the apartment, preparing the evening meal, was a brisk, bright-looking little woman, evidently his wife. The pair were not youthful, though hardly of middle age, of comely appearance, and their bearing toward each other indicated the most pleasant domestic relations. John Manners was an honest man, a true husband; and his wife, Mary, was everyway worthy of him. That she was an excellent housekeeper the interior of the room fully showed, for it was a picture of cosy comfort and order, though humble in all its appointments.

"Supper is ready, at last, John," said the little woman, as she placed the steaming viands on the small round table, and glanced brightly toward her husband. "I have kept you waiting a few minutes, but—"

"But you have made up for it I see by the extra preparation," spoke the man, cheerily, as he drew his feet from the fire and turned to the well-spread board. The two were soon engaged in partaking of the bountiful repast.

"I *have* tried to do that, John. It is so cold, and a warm supper will do you good."

"A wild night it is," said he. "A wild night on sea and land. God help the poor sailors that may be too near our coast to-night. I think of the brave fellows, wife, a-handlin' the stiff ropes and the frozen sails, and treadin' the slippery decks. I know what it is."

"Yes, Heaven help them," said she, rather musingly. "You know what it is to be up in the dark *rigging*, John; and I'm thinking if it had not been for the fall you got that lamed you for life, you would be there now. You couldn't keep off the sea if you tried, if it were not for that. Do you know, husband, that I sometimes am wicked enough to be just a little glad that you *did* fall, since it didn't kill you. It forces you to stay ashore, and I would be so lonely without you. Other wives have their children, but since our Harry and Janie died I have only you."

The tender-hearted woman sighed softly, while her husband said:

"There, Molly, don't take on too hard. Our children have gone, but maybe it's all for the best. This is a rough world, and perhaps they wouldn't weather it well. They're safe in port now, and we've only to steer there too. We'll make the best of what is left us, Molly. We've lots of blessings yet."

He glanced around the cheery room, and then through the uncurtained window toward the sea, as if he were contrasting the inside glow with the outside gloom.

"That's a good idea of yours, wife," he spoke at length, "to leave the window uncovered that the light may shine out. I tell you it looks cheery of a winter night. The stars in the heavens aren't brighter than our window."

"I think well of it myself, John," she returned. "I wonder folks always close up so close, nights. Even in lonesome places like this there's now and then a passer, and it must cheer them to see the light. If they were lost it would guide them, and if they weren't it wouldn't do any harm. To be sure tramps and prowlers might sometimes come near. But I don't fear 'em; I never did. I only pity such.

"You're both brave and kind, Molly. Harm not often comes to such as you. Keep your window a-light, and Heaven bless you!" cried the husband, earnestly.

John Manners was that rare character, a pious seaman; and piety when it is the genuine article, is good for any man.

Thus chatting pleasantly, and at times seriously, the two enjoyed their evening meal.

"Will you go out again to-night?" asked the wife, after her husband had finished his supper, and sat for an hour by the hearth.

"Yes; I will run down to the light-house. It's well to know that everything is taut to-night there.

He put on his rough coat, his heavy cap, and his coarse, warm gloves.

"John?"

"Well, Molly?"

"Do you ever feel scarish, going to the light-house such times as this?"

"Me, Molly!" His tone was almost reproachful in its surprise.

"Oh, I know you don't, John; but the sunken wreck is not far away, and there are such tales told of awful sights and sounds. No wonder, either, when we think of the poor fellows that went down with her."

"There, there, wife, you'll make yourself frighty while I'm gone. Don't bother about such things. Good by till I come back."

He opened the door. The salt sea wind blew coldly in, laden with particles of snow.

"Wilder and wilder," he said, as he went out.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRY IN THE STORM.

John Manners went on toward the light-house with all the alacrity his lameness permitted. He wished to assure himself that everything was in order there, and then to return to the enjoyment of his cheerful fireside.

In his youth and early manhood he had been a sailor, following the sea until a fall from the main-top had so disabled him that he was obliged to abandon his chosen calling. But he could not dwell away from the water. Friends procured for him the position of keeper of this light-house on the Long Island coast, and to the simple but regular duties of his post he had since devoted himself. Honest, manly, simple, and sincere, he was liked by everyone, unless it was a few low characters of the shore with whom he had little affiliation.

He reached the light-house, satisfied himself that all there was snug and right, and then hastened back through the thickly-falling snow to the shelter of his cottage. As he stood once more just outside his threshold, he paused before entering, and gazed for a moment into the tempestuous night, as if ere he shut himself safely from it he would obtain a realizing sense of its bleakness and inhospitality.

"How good to have a home such times as this," he thought. "A home and a good wife to share it." And the grateful fellow with this reflection rapped at the door to apprize Mary of his return. She came quickly to admit him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're back, John," she said, delightedly. "It seemed so lonely to be left by one's self on such a night; 'pears as if there was nothing *but* night and storm. Give me your cap and gloves."

John was shaking the snow from his coat.

"I'm glad to get back, Molly. Hark! what was that!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"I heard nothing but the wind. How it shrieks and howls! Close the door, John. Never mind a few snow-flakes on the floor; I'll brush 'em up. You surely heard nothing but the storm!"

"What else could it be?" said he, as if satisfied that it was only a wilder whirl of the wind that had startled him. "It sounded like a human cry though, I must say."

"I often hear voices in the storm," remarked the wife. "Sometimes I think there must be human sufferers nigh, but it never proved so yet. I've listened at the door and window many a time, John—when you're away."

"There it is again!" interrupted the husband, excitedly. "I tell you, Molly, that was no sound of the storm. It was a real human cry. Give me my cap and coat again. I must see to this. Lord! if anybody should be perishin' near!"

He lighted a huge lantern that he took from a shelf over the window, hurried on his coat, cap and gloves, and bidding Mary be quiet—the little woman had become quite excited during the short period of his preparations to go out—rushed forth into the storm in search of whoever might need assistance. His steps were directed up the highway that ran in front of his dwelling. It was most probable that the wanderer, if such there was, would be found there.

He had gone but a few rods before he again heard that imploring cry, weaker now as if despairing of bringing aid.

"A woman's voice!" exclaimed John Manners, as guided by the cry, he hastened forward, holding his great lantern before him, and peering here and there in the misty gloom as if he momentarily expected to come upon the form of the perishing one.

"A woman's voice," he repeated. "Great Heaven! what could have sent her out on such a night, and to this lonely place? The like was never known before."

THE CRY IN THE STORM.

The warm-hearted fellow brought his lantern closer to the snow-covered ground, sure now of soon bringing within the circle of its rays the figure of the lost one, for the cry had been repeated, and with it seemed to mingle the pitiful wail of a younger voice.

"Lord grant that I find them before it be too late. Even a bear might perish in such weather as this."

The lantern cast around him a wider, wan glow.

"Where are you?" he called, hoping for a response that would direct him at once to the sufferers.

It came.

"In God's name, help, or we perish!"

The light of the approaching lantern had revealed the presence of the rescuer. A dozen steps ahead, then half as many to the right, and the light-keeper came upon a crouching figure, fallen in the snow and evidently pertaining. It was a woman's form, and John Manners's great heart filled with almost tearful pity as he beheld her.

"You are saved!" he cried. "Quick, to my cottage, if I can assist or bear you."

As if mustering what little remaining strength she possessed, now that hope revived, the woman arose, when to the astonishment of her preserver he saw that in her arms she clasped an infant, sheltering it as best she could from the cold, while to her side clung the figure of an older child.

The emotion of John Manners was too great for words. He took the elder infant—it was scarcely more—in one arm, and supporting the mother with the other, by a mute but eloquent gesture motioned her toward his home.

"It is not far to shelter" he managed at last to say, "Call up your strength, poor creeter, and you and your children shall soon have a warmer couch than this. Lord, help us!—three of 'em! What does it mean?"

Of course he attempted no questioning of the stranger, now that he had recovered his speech, but struggled homeward, aiding and encouraging the unfortunates all he could. At last he reached his cottage-door, and none too soon for the strength of those he brought with him.

His wife met him on the threshold, where she had been anxiously and impatiently waiting his return.

"The Master bless us, John Manners! what have you there?" she cried in astonishment that had been exceeded only by his own, as she beheld the strange group.

But with pity and sympathy rising like a morning in her soul, she threw wide the door and assisted the perishing ones to enter. With a murmur of gratitude and joy upon her lips, the mother, as she beheld warmth and shelter around her, staggered forward and would have fallen to the floor had not the quick arms of the light-keeper's wife been stretched to prevent her.

A sort of rude couch or settee stood at the further side of the room.

Place her on that, wife; not too close to the fire just yet. She is chilled to the marrow of her bones, and it won't do to start the blood suddenly." The wanderer was gently lifted to the comfortable bed. There she lay in a half-swoon as if cold and exhaustion had well nigh worn her life force out. Her kind attendants, observing her now more closely—having also cared for the little sufferers—noted that her face, though pale and haggard, was refined in its expression, and must once have been very beautiful. The features were delicate and regular, though lines of sorrow marked them deeply and painfully.

"A real lady, John," whispered Mrs. Manners. "She may have been unfortunate, but she's a lady for all. Look at her face now—peaceful as her baby's, though the shadows will soon be over it again. Hers is a sad story, I've no doubt; but even if it were one of shame we wouldn't turn from her."

"No, Molly; we must think only of her necessities now. And them poor innocent babies—just to see 'em! The boy's livening up already; he'll need a sup of good warm milk. Have it ready, wife."

"I'll attend to that, John," answered she a little in a tone as if she considered the suggestion a reproach. "Men are always in a hurry to run something into the stomach. Let the poor things rest and warm awhile first."

But not unmindful of the probable need of material sustenance, the good woman, after chafing for a few moments longer the chilled and stiffened limbs of her patients, proceeded to prepare refreshments for them, administering first, however, a warm draught of some restorative. Keeping a close watch upon them, and murmuring to herself and whispering to her husband her wonder, pity and curiosity, she bustled about, and soon had a dainty meal ready for them when they should awake.

The children soon gave evidence of returning consciousness, but her mother still slept, not even the waking cries of her little ones disturbing her in her deep and motionless slumber.

"Will she wake, wife?" asked John Manners at last, somewhat anxiously. "She won't die asleep, poor thing, will she?"

"No, no," responded his wife in a tone of confidence. "She is resting, I think; she was nearly dead with fatigue, and cold, and misery. She comprehended that she and her children were saved before she dropped into this state, and if she feels or dreams anything now it is that she's in heaven; and that's enough. Let her alone for awhile longer. I'll attend to her babes. Sweet little mortals they are; for all the world, John, like our Harry and Janie used to be."

The simple couple who had been years ago bereaved by the loss of their only darlings, glanced tenderly at the faces of the little waifs, and the mother dropped a tear at a sense of her former bereavement was thus strongly brought back to her.

"For all the world, Molly, it is as you say; our two were like these, only not so delicate like."

At this moment the lady stirred in her sleep and sighed wearily.

"There, John, she begins to wake and worry. Tend to the boy; I must go to her."

Taking the younger child, Mrs. Manners approached the couch just as the wanderer with a sort of terrified cry fully awoke.

CHAPTER III.

THE WANDERER'S STORY.

An expression of mingled distress, anxiety and uncertainty was on the face of the late slumberer.

"Where am I?—my children?" she asked weakly but wildly.

There was perhaps as much in Mrs. Manners's tender and sympathetic look to soothe her as in her words:

"You are with friends, poor lady; you and your children. Be quiet now, for you are very weak."

"With friends!" repeated the worn one, gratefully, and yet doubtingly, as if the sound were new to her. "With friends! Oh, thank God!"

Tears came to the eyes of the tender-hearted Mary Manners. She was not slow to note the quick, glad lighting of her patient's face as the assuring words were spoken; nor did she fail to perceive the sudden shadowing that followed the first brightening of her wan countenance.

"She has suffered not only from hunger and cold," reflected the little woman, "but from unkindness and reproach. I wonder if she's good and pure! But that's nothing just now."

While this thought was passing through her mind her hands were busily engaged in transferring the food she had prepared from the hot hearth to the table. She then asked the stranger to partake, assisting her to rise from the couch.

Mother and children were soon refreshed with food, though the former ate very sparingly. Her weakness still seemed to be extreme, as her protectors both with concern observed. They did not question her, but waited with delicacy and patience for her to speak.

"You will lie down again," said Mrs. Manners when she saw the lady had finished her repast. The latter had already again expressed her thanks for the kindness shown her.

"I must tell you my story first," she replied in words whose tones were feeble, but warm and thrilling with gratitude. I may not—I may not live," she faltered, glancing with all a mother's fondness toward her now slumbering children, "and only for *them* do I care to; but if I should die, you who have been so kind to me and them must know a little of my history."

Pausing a moment, she resumed, passionately:

"You will believe me? you will not look upon me as one lost to virtue, and upon my innocent babes as the children of shame?"

"Your lips can speak only truth, lady," interrupted John Manners with noble feeling, "and as truth it shall be received. We will listen if you choose to have us do so, but it's my thought you had better rest again first."

In increasing weakness she reclined upon her couch, but answered:

"No, no, I must speak while I have breath. It is for *their* sakes."

Again her loving eye sought the bed where her children slept. She then in tones that already appeared sinking, continued:

"I am a widow, and until I became such was a wife by honorable marriage. My name is Ellen Arneton—my children's respectively Walter and Amy. My husband was a seaman—"

"A seaman!" interposed the light-house keeper, feeling more than ever interested in the lady. "Beg pardon, lady, for breakin' in on your story; but I was a seaman once, and I have a greater feelin' for all such."

She smiled in recognition of his interest in the class to which her husband had belonged, and then proceeded:

"We lived happily together, though in humble circumstances. Yet I was a rich man's daughter, marrying against the wishes of a proud father, but with my mother's blessing. She knew that Edwin Arneton, though not the possessor of wealth, was a true and noble man, and she wished me to wed him. I did so, and my father cast me off—disinherited me. It was a harsh and cruel act—a greater punishment than my partial disobedience merited. But I loved Edwin Arneton, and I could not give him up."

"And your mother approved of your marryin' him, you say?" interposed John Manners; "that was comfortin'."

"Oh, yes," returned the lady. "I could not have braved the disapproval of both."

"Mothers is generally right," said the light-house keeper.

"It was little more than an old family feud that formed the basis of my father's opposition to my union with Edwin Arneton. He was of good family, and had good prospects, though for the present poor. He chose the sea as his sphere of occupation quite as much from love as from necessity. I am sure it is an honorable calling."

"A sailor's, lady?—indeed it is," spoke John Manners, warmly.

"We were married, as I have said," continued the wanderer, "and were contented and happy in our humble but pleasant home. But misfortunes came. My husband died, poverty was the portion of me and my little ones, my husband's kinsmen neglected us, and my father continued relentless toward me. My mother also died, and I felt that almost my last friend was gone. Oh, how I suffered in my loneliness and sorrow."

"And your father still denied you forgiveness!" exclaimed her listeners, indignantly.

"In my extremity I sought my former home, hoping for his pardon and protection. I think I would have obtained both, but my father had married again, and his new wife proved no friend to me and my little ones. I was repulsed, dismissed, in fact driven from the roof that had once sheltered me. My step-mother hated me, I fear, thinking I stood in the way of her son, for whom she was selfishly ambitious. He was a young man—her child by a former marriage—and she wanted my father's wealth for him. God forgive me if I err, but to what beside can be attributed her cruel treatment of me and my children. By her orders we were conveyed, almost forcibly, from my father's door. The coachman took us outside the city limits, and left us—"

"Not homeless and helpless in this bitter weather?" demanded John Manners in indignation and astonishment.

"No, no, not so bad as that. I had—or supposed I had—one friend left—my old nurse, and knowing that her home was not distant from this place, I prevailed on the coachman to drive me to Bienville. Then he left me—it was not far to Nurse Morrow's."

"Do you mean old Elsie Morrow's?" inquired Mrs. Manners, eagerly.

"Yes, she was my nurse, and I knew she would be kind to me."

"But she is dead, and has been for nearly six months. Her cottage is closed. You would have found no one there."

A new grief showed in the face of the unfortunate.

"My old nurse dead!" she cried, mournfully. "Ah! then I should have been in despair even if I had not lost my way in the storm."

Her listeners looked at the tear-marked face, the wasted figure, and the weak, white, bird-like hands. A fearful sense of all she had suffered filled their bosoms.

"And you were left to wander in the storm, with none to know or care if you perished?" they cried in tones of bitter indignation. "Shame on such heartless wretches!"

"Hush! hush!" interposed the sufferer, softly. "It may have been mere thoughtlessness; I was confident of finding my way to Nurse Elsie's."

"It was crime—worse than murder," asserted the light-house keeper with no lessening of his indignant feeling.

But the stranger now required other attention. A new weakness came upon her. A sudden spasm as of deadly pain shook her feeble frame.

"You have spoken too long, lady," said Mrs. Manners with gentle reproval. "You have not strength. Rest now, but first take a sup of this cordial." She held a steaming cup to the pale lips, and when the draught was swallowed, softly adjusted the pillows and comfortables around the sinking form.

"You are very, very kind," the sufferer murmured. "You believe—you trust me?" she asked again with a passionate pleading look.

"We do," was the satisfying response of both.

"I have more to say—"

"Not another word till you are stronger," insisted her attendant.

With a long, deep sigh, expressive of weakness, weariness and content she closed her hollow eyes and was silent.

CHAPTER IV.

AT REST.

"She is very weak," whispered husband and wife to each other, as they gazed upon the softly-breathing form.

"Will she live?" asked the former anxiously. "Had I not better go for a physician?"

"No; rest is what she needs; rest and warmth will save her if anything will. We should not have permitted her to talk so long."

"Yet it eased her; she will rest better, now that her story is told, and she knows we believe and sympathize with her."

"Poor creature," sighed the wife. "The world has used her harshly, John; just as it will even the best and gentlest—of which she's one I'm certain—when it gets a chance at 'em. But we'll be kind to her, won't we, John? for her children's sake, if nothing else. They're so like *our* two that the angels took."

And she busied herself further in attending to the comfort of her strangely-found patient.

It was near midnight. The storm howled with greater fierceness, and looking from the uncurtained window of the cottage all was indistinct and blinding tempest. The near but unseen sea roared fearfully as it struggled with the gale, under the vast, masking canopy of snow.

Midnight! and the stranger awoke with a feeble, moaning cry. She was paler even than before, and her breath seemed going. The anxiety, fatigue, terror, and exposure she had undergone were too much for one of her delicate mould. The tender care she had since received had benefitted but could not restore her. Her slumber had not been that of recuperation, but of utter exhaustion.

"She is dying!" spoke the wife of the light-house keeper, noticing the strange, fading brightness in the sufferer's eyes.

"I fear so," returned the husband. "Her trials have proved too great for her. It was not the cold alone, Molly. Her little ones did not perish in that. What more can we do for her?" His words were tremulous with sympathetic feeling.

Mary Manners was bending over the dying one.

"You have been very, very kind to me," spoke the latter. Her words now were only whispers. "My children—my poor orphaned ones—who will care for them when I am gone? My Walter—my Amy!"

A pleading, prayerful look was in her eyes; she did not speak—perhaps could not—but husband and wife both understood that silent entreaty.

"We will care for them," they answered simultaneously, and with deepest feeling.

"They shall take the place of those we have lost."

"Heaven bless you!" murmured the dying mother. "And you will bring them up in ways that are right? You will teach them to honor their mother's memory? You will speak often of the father whose love they never knew? You will do all this, and yet be parents to them yourselves?"

A momentary strength came back to her as she pleaded for the welfare of her loved ones.

"We will, and more," replied John Manners, solemnly. "We will take them to our

hearts; rear them in our humble home, and yet if the day ever comes when we can place them in the enjoyment of the rights that are surely theirs we will do it."

"Oh, God be thanked! Let me give them my last kiss."

Her arms soon clasped her children in a weak but fond embrace.

"Never let them believe that their lives were shadowed by aught that was impure. I know what the world will say," she sighed. "Oh, that proof of—"

A choking spasm seized her.

"My father—his name—"

A gurgling sound was in her throat; a red tide leaped to her lips. What further she would utter must forever remain unsaid.

The wail of the younger child was heard, but it did not reach the mother's ears.

She was dead.

CHAPTER V.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Nearly nineteen years have passed since the stormy December night the wronged and gentle Ellen Arneton died. Nineteen years, with all their chances and changes. The cottage of the light-house keeper has disappeared, and on its site a larger and more comfortable dwelling has been erected. John Manners and his wife both live, beginning now to show the approaches of age, but active, cheerful, useful still. Faithful did they prove to the trust reposed in them by the dying mother.

It is a still moonlight night; very late, and every stir and sound of morning life is quieted, save the roll and dashing of the never-resting sea. The broad white moon pours over the old light-house, the smooth beach and the ocean a flood of dreamy light.

By the sea-side, close to the edge of the sparkling water, stand two figures—a youth and a maiden. In the soft light of the hour it may be seen that both are fair, the former of Saxon lightness of complexion, and the other also a blonde, with the added delicacy and purity of skin that belong to women of that type.

"Then you sail soon, brother?" asked the beautiful girl of him who evidently stood in the designated relationship to her.

He wore a sailor's garb, and in it his lithe and graceful figure showed to its best advantage.

"Yes, Amy, the Breeze will be ready for sea in a few days, and I am eager to take command of her."

"O, how glad and proud I am to know you are thus trusted and advanced." A joyous light shone in the eyes of the fair speaker.

"I shall make a youthful captain," said the other, "but I hope I shall succeed in the performance of my duties. The owners of the vessel have been very kind to me—too kind, perhaps, especially Mr. Hammond."

"You have deserved it all, I know," was the enthusiastic reply of the sister. "O, Walter, you do not realize how I rejoice in your success and promotion."

"Thanks, sister," said the young man with a grateful smile. "But do not overpraise me, please. For your sake more than for my own I am glad that my prospects are so fair; and in honor of the memory of her whose grave is yonder would I make my life useful and successful."

Taking his sister's arm in his, the two proceeded in silence to a spot considerably elevated above the level of the beach, and some distance back from the water-line; a spot lonely and lovely, and cared for by tender hands. A neat railing enclosed it, and within, in the dreamy light of the moon, shone a marble stone.

It marked the grave of Ellen Arneton.

"The sad story of our mother's death we have heard from the lips of the two who have been to us faithful guardians and instructors. What a debt of gratitude we owe to our foster-parents, both for their kindness to us and to her. Their sphere of life is humble, but every virtue seems to abide in their simple hearts. We are fortunate, Amy, in having found such worthy teachers and protectors. What might our fate have been had we been left in other hands? For we were an outcast's children, sister, and life has only dark chances usually for such. Our mother was an outcast, and bitter as the knowledge is, we cannot forget the fact. It clouds my life, it darkens yours, though you do not feel it yet. The world is often harsh in its judgments. *We* feel, we *know* that our mother was a pure and virtuous woman, bitterly wronged—the victim of covetousness and malice—yet others may not think so. By some we will be sneered at as the children of shame. Oh, it is bitter—I have felt the sting already. Little souls there are who cannot bear to see another successful. Because I have been more advanced than some, in their envy they ask with a sneer who I am."

The cheeks of the young man glowed with indignation as he spoke of the covert insults to which he had been subjected.

"Do not pain yourself with such recollections," said Amy, who was somewhat startled by this sudden outburst of feeling.

"I do not *notice* such attacks," returned her brother, "but to myself I cannot ignore them."

"You have true friends, Walter, who would never lend an ear to envious disparagements of yourself."

"I know it, Amy, but you do not realize the blighting effect of slander—of malice, whispered, breathed and conveyed by look and venomous intimation. It is socially that we most must suffer in this way."

"But what is society to us, Walter?"

"Little as yet, Amy; but hereafter it may be more. Do you suppose that I am unambitious? Do you think that I would have you remain always in your present home? You would not only befit a higher station, but it is your right—should have been your inheritance."

"Oh, Walter," she said, tremblingly, "I did not know you cherished such aspirations. We have lived happily in our humble, but pleasant home; could we not always do so? Would you desert our dear foster-parents?"

"Never," he returned, almost reproachfully. "Whatever prosperity may be mine, they shall share it. But, sister, you know that even John Manners himself encourages me in my ambition. He predicts that I will be a commodore. And surely," he added, smiling, "becoming a captain at so early an age, I ought to rise to the command of a fleet at last."

"But you have not chosen the navy," said the young girl laughingly.

"That is true—but there may be opportunities."

"There are rumors of a war with Britain, are there not, Walter? In that event our little navy would have sore need of such as you, to maintain itself against the great sea-queen."

"I will try to prove myself capable and useful wherever I may be placed. But the night grows late. Let us go."

Each stooped and plucked from the grave a tiny bit of green and then they slowly left the spot. As they approached the house they saw the figure of a man coming up the beach. It was the light-house keeper, and he greeted them heartily.

"You are late," he said, "as I am myself. But young folks like the moonlight."

After entering the house John Manners said somewhat aside to Walter.

"I came up by the Ledge; I make it convenient to pass there once in a while o' nights. I've my suspicions that there are secret doings at the old wreck. It's moonlight now and nothing was wrong, but I tell you, my boy, daylight don't see all that's done there. You know they're tryin' for the treasure."

"So I learned while in the city. But people do not appear to think the chance of success is worth much."

"There are always doubters, and the work is difficult to be sure, but pluck may win something yet from the old ship."

"Well, is not everything carried on fairly?"

"O, yes; that is, by daylight.

"Is not the enterprise an honest one?"

"Yes, yes; but you do not understand me. It is not against the known parties in this business that I speak. They are fair dealers, and having undertaken the job with the risks, have a right to all the profits. There is an underhand game carried on, if half's true that I've heard, and yet the honest workers know nothing of it."

"You suspect some knavery then?"

"I do just that, though I'm not ready to make charges. Mind, my boy, I'm speakin' only to you. Not a word to outsiders. I've my eye on the spot, and may find out something satisfactory soon. There's Surf Castleman, the diver."

The young sailor frowned.

"Surf Castleman!" he exclaimed. "I do not fancy that fellow's looks. He is the same, is he not, who has annoyed my sister of late with his attentions?"

"The very one, and no fit person to approach our Amy."

"And he is engaged in the attempt to recover the treasure?"

"Yes; he is employed by the gentlemen who have undertaken the work. He is a skillful diver—in fact, without his aid little could be done. He has studied the spot, and knows more about the lay o' the wreck than any man living. He's paid well for his services, and that ought to satisfy him. But a fair bargain is not enough for Surf Castleman."

"And you think—"

"Well, I hardly know what I think just yet, my boy. But there's a whisper afloat of secret doings, and I thought I'd tell you, since you're to leave us so soon. We'll talk more in the morning." Mrs. Manners and Amy had already retired, and the other two soon followed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TREASURE SHIP.

During the month of November, in the year 1780, a fleet of vessels arrived in New York Bay, under the protection of various ships-of-war belonging to the Royal navy of Great Britain. Those, it will be remembered, were troublous times both on land and sea, the redoubtable Paul Jones of deathless naval fame being abroad on the latter element, to the terror of the boasted Queen of the ocean.

One of these convoying vessels was the Mercury, and another we will call the Grenadier. On board the first were three hundred and eighty pounds sterling, and on the other a much larger sum, making in all nearly one million sterling. Almost the whole of this vast treasure was in British guineas, and was intended for the payment of the king's troops who were warring against the rebellious colonists.

On the arrival of the fleet the coin on board the Mercury was transferred to the above-mentioned vessel, and with the whole entrusted to her care she started for a point up the New England coast. The above statements are mere matters of history. It suits the purposes of our narrative to change names and localities—that being our privilege—but we assure our readers that our story has for its basis, in connection with the sunken treasure-ship the most romantic and startling fact.

We must not neglect to state that previous to leaving New York Harbor, the Grenadier took on board from the dismal prison-ships there floated by the British Government, about three score miserable and fever-stricken wretches, whose wasted bodies hardly held their souls. Shackled with heavy irons they were gaunt, cold and starving—wretches whose ghosts it might be supposed would return to haunt their murderers. They were forced to the gun-deck, and were there secured. Thus freighted with gold and misery the ill-fated, it might be said accursed, Grenadier passed northward until the place of her destruction was reached. Caught in the swirling waters of Light-house Ledge as she hugged the shore, trembling as it were with her freight of treasure, she struck and went down, only her crew escaping. Every man of the patriot-prisoners perished.

She settled on a gradually shelving shore, in water fifteen fathoms deep, and there her form lay and mouldered for over ninety years. There it still lies, a ghastly sunken wreck—both a treasure-house and a charnel-house.

Who has told, who can ever tell of what dreadful scenes took place in the hold of that ship as she went under the waves? The poor confined prisoners probably were aware of the nature of the disaster from the moment of her sinking? What agonies were crowded into the brief period of existence that then remained to them! Straining, writhing, praying, shrieking—cursing, perhaps—they died in that terrible gloom, their last breath bubbling to the swirling surface of the water, and rising hardly cooled, it may almost be thought, to heaven.

So they perished, and of their names and homes we have no record. Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers they were, whose sad fate was perhaps never known to those who mourned them. Peace to their souls!

As may be supposed, repeated attempts have been made to recover the treasure which was thus lost. The English government made strenuous efforts in this direction, but failed of success. Instead of the enterprise being abandoned, numerous other parties have undertaken similar attempts, the history of which the world has been informed is likewise failure. There is, however, a secret and singular story attached to one of these enterprises, and on it we shall draw for some of the materials of our narrative.

That a vast portion of the coin still lies where it sunk is undoubtedly true, and human greed is to-day strongly attracted to the spot. With recent attempts to gather it from the waves we have nothing to do; we write of other days.

It was to this sunken wreck that reference has been made in foregoing chapters of this story. John Manners was familiar with the simple, but thrilling facts of the case, and in addition, during his long residence near the spot, had heard many a soaring tale of ghosts and mysterious sights—the natural product of exaggerated discussion of the subject by the dwellers in the vicinity. The sturdy light-house keeper was little given to credulity in these regards. But of late he had learned enough to induce him to regard with double interest the scene of the disaster.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GUN AT SEA.

The evening of the day preceding that on which young Captain Arneton was to leave his home to take command of the Breeze closed in gloom and tempest. The sultry afternoon had brought a terrific thunder-storm, and this had been succeeded by a violent gale from the north-east, accompanied with a steady rain. It was in fact one of those severe rain-storms which at certain seasons are to be looked for on the Atlantic coast, and which result in destructive freshets on land, and wreck and disaster at sea.

It was near midnight, and in the dwelling of the light-house keeper all had retired to rest. The rain beat heavily upon the roof and the thunder of the surf was fearful in the windy darkness.

Walter Arneton, used from early boyhood to storm and danger, lay awake in his bed and thought of those at sea; of vessels that somewhere on the wild water were battling with wind and wave.

"How different," he reflected, "is a stormy night on land from one at sea. Ah! I love the excitement, even the danger of the gale. Yet I pray that Heaven to-night be merciful to those who may be too near this perilous coast."

Hark!

Did not the quick ears of the young sailor catch the dull, distant booming of a signal gun? He sprang from his couch, and listened intently. A minute elapsed, and then with a far-off but no uncertain sound the solemn signal was repeated.

"'Tis the minute-gun!" he cried. "Some vessel in distress!"

He hurried on his clothing, and went to the door of the apartment in which slept John Manners and his wife. Arousing him, he cried:

"A gun at sea, uncle." (He called him uncle, as he had been taught to, though brother and sister were to the worthy couple as their own children. But the sacred titles of father and mother had never been assumed by the foster-parents.) "A vessel is off the coast. Listen! there goes the heavy sound again!"

"I did not hear it, my boy," said the old man, who was already up and dressing.

"Nor I, Walter," spoke Mary Manners, "and you know my hearing is better than John's."

"But I am not mistaken. Would that I were."

"I fear not, wife; young ears are sharpest," said the light-house keeper, as he left the room. At the expiration of another minute the signal was again repeated, and with such distinctness that even the older man heard the mournful sound.

"Ah! there 'tis, plain enough; and in the direction of Terror Shoals. God pity the ship that's driven there to-night."

The two went outside, and stood in the driving rain, awaiting another discharge of the gun. It came, but no flash was yet visible.

"Can we not help them?" asked the young man.

"I fear not, Walter," was the sorrowful answer. "A boat could hardly live in such a sea as this; and the vessel must be a considerable distance out. But we can go to the Point, and see what chance there is of helping her."

"The wreckers are aroused no doubt already. Redmond will venture if any one will, and I will follow."

"That's the spirit, my boy; but you shan't drown yourself for nothin'. Let's be off."

Re-entering the house, preparations were hastily made for their departure. The weather was not cold, and but little clothing was needed. Mrs. Manners, who had dressed herself and descended without waking Amy, noted their movements with an anxious eye.

"You will not venture from the coast?" she said.

"We are only going down to the Point, Molly," answered her husband, "to learn if anything can be done. I fear the vessel must be lost."

Walter had lighted the great lantern, and bidding the good woman a hasty but warm good-bye, the two men went out.

"Do not arouse Amy," enjoined Walter. "She would only distress herself about us."

"Be very careful," advised Mrs. Manners, as the door closed.

"Have you any idea, uncle, what vessel it is?" asked Walter as they went along. "Was any particular one expected to pass?"

"It may be the Bersham. She was looked for yesterday, but was not seen."

"A heavy merchantman, is she not?"

"Ay, and richly freighted. She belongs to Hale, of New York."

"To Syndam Hale?" said the young man with interest.

"The same, I believe."

"One of the former owners of the Breeze?"

"Ah, you know him then?"

"Not personally. He is a wealthy shipping merchant, and has had business dealings with Mr. Hammond."

Not without some difficulty did the two make their way to the place where Walter Arneton hoped to find assistants in the perilous attempt he proposed to make if opportunity offered. The force of the gale appeared to be somewhat lessened, and the darkness was not great, but the rain still fell in volumes, quickly wetting them to the skin. This however was nothing to men used to exposure to the elements.

Reaching Point Norris, they saw lights flashing and persons moving about. The signals made by the distressed vessel had evidently been heard by residents of the place, and the wreckers were alive to the excitement of the hour.

"Who comes there?" called a rough voice as our friends approached.

As they went nearer the lameness of the light-house keeper revealed his identity, and a second voice soon cried:—

"The young Cap'n!"

"Aye!" responded Walter, heartily. "A foul night, my friend. You have heard the signal-gun no doubt."

"There it goes again!" exclaimed the man as the solemn sound came booming over the water.

"Can we not help them? Where is Dallas Redmond? Where is Ross Hays?"

"At the landing likely; I saw them a moment ago."

"I must find them," spoke Walter decisively. "Do you think they would dare put off in this storm for the vessel?"

"What!" ejaculated the man in amazement.

"Would they join me in an attempt to reach the distressed vessel?"

"'Twould be madness; I rather think he would not." Then in a lower tone he muttered:—

"The young Cap'n must be a greeny, or foolin', to mention such a thing. Jib-booms! the strongest boat would be crushed or capsized in a second in such a sea as this!"

"Here comes Redmond now, I think," said John Manners as a sturdy figure approached in the gloom. The little group had sought the shelter of a rude shed or porch that covered the entrance to the one public house of the Point.

"Ha! Manners is it you?" spoke the new-comer in quick tones of greeting. "And the young Cap'n with you. I'm glad to see him, but there's no time to waste in sayin' so. I want somebody to go with me to that vessel."

"Just what the young fellow was proposin," said the man whom our friends had first met."

"Good!" cried Dallas Redmond. "I'm with you, Cap'n Arneton. I'm glad there's one man about who can't hear that doleful boomin' without resolvin' to help them poor drownin' fellows."

"But—" began one who considered the speaker's words a reflection on himself.

"Never mind your *buts*," interrupted Redmond roughly. "Cap'n Arneton, I'm goin' for that vessel. I know just where she is and how she's held. There's a chance of savin' her or some of her crew at least, and I'm determined to risk my life to do it. If you'll join me you're made of the stuff I think you are."

"I am with you, Redmond," responded Walter Arneton, bravely and quickly. "Let us hasten, if you think we can be of any service."

"That's the talk," exclaimed the daring wrecker in admiration. "We're off, and if any others would like to share the wettin' with us they're welcome to follow."

The number of the group had been augmented during this time by several arrivals. Among these was Ross Hays, already referred to by Captain Arneton.

"I'll take an oar!" he said gallantly the moment he understood what had been proposed.

"And I another!" cried a second brave fellow as he stepped out and joined the three. Another volunteer quickly followed.

"That makes five—a decent crew," said the elder wrecker, as he hastened to the beach. His companions were close after him. The others followed, the majority of them aghast at what they considered the foolhardiness of the enterprise. Old John Manners, though he felt a father's love for Walter Arneton, would not have called him back unless he knew that certain death awaited him. He gloried in the courage and noble purpose of the young man. Moreover he knew that Redmond, daring as he was, was not reckless, and he felt that there was a possibility of rescuing the crew of the unfortunate vessel.

The boat of the adventurous wrecker was reached, but the great difficulty was in such a sea to launch it. Again and again the attempt was made, only to result in having the little craft hurled shoreward by the raging surf, that seemed determined to prevent the brave men from venturing to the rescue of the imperilled seamen. But strong and skillful were the hands that were engaged in the attempt, and after repeated trials and almost discouraging failures the five gallant fellows succeeded in getting away from the shore.

And all the time that mournful boom at regular intervals was sounding over the sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A gentleman registered at a hotel in Louisville, recently, as John Blank, Hamburg, and was gratified in seeing his name in type, among the hotel registry, as "John Blank, humbug."

☞ A Western paper, alluding to the statue of Shakspeare in the Central Park, New York, says, "That's right; such talent as William's ought to be encouraged."

☞ An Iowa paper declines to publish the name of the prettiest girl in that city. The editor says his wife may tell if she wants to, and he will pay the bills for all the jute that the young ladies pull to pieces, but he thinks he is too young to be bald yet.

☞ The most gallant man ever heard of is one who refrained from kicking a dog that had bitten him because it was a female dog. "If it wasn't for your sex," said he, "I'd kick your head off."

☞ The present size of gentlemen's stone sleeve-buttons leads one to believe that some one has been unable to legitimately dispose of an enormous importation of marble table-tops.

☞ A writer says: "It is not the drinking, but getting sober, that is so terrible in a drunkard's life." Why get sober at all, then, says Smiggles.

☞ A little shaver in a Sunday-school being asked what the father of the Prodigal Son probably did when he saw his son a "great way off," replied, "I dunno, but I dessay he set the dog on him."

☞ A gentleman inquired of a carpenter's boy, "My lad, when will this job you have on hand be done?" "I can't tell, sir," replied the honest boy, artlessly. "It's a day job, and it will depend upon how soon the boss has another order."

☞ A band which serenaded a young married couple in one of our suburban towns, the other evening, selected a peculiarly happy and flattering piece known as "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister."

☞ The Danbury News fellow says: "The majority of women care but little about suffrage. If the backs to car seats could only be hollowed out, so as to admit of their bustles lapping over, the ballot might go to thunder for all they care."

☞ A gentleman from Fort Wayne, Ind., lately received a magazine from a prominent London publishing house, addressed, "Fort Wayne, Philadelphia, United States."

☞ Little Japanese parasols, apparently made of straw, are the latest novelty hawked about Broadway, New York.

☞ The Norwich Advertiser says: "A young lady, very pretty, walked round the new road (seven miles) in one hour and forty-five minutes. We remember escorting one around that road once by moonlight. Time—four hours and forty minutes. But then she said she wasn't in a hurry. The old folks had gone to camp-meeting, and she had a night key."

☞ A man in Arkansas had the invitations to his tin wedding printed on square sheets of the metal, which were duly enclosed in envelopes.

☞ A tired-out editor says that the sermons of a neighboring clergyman remind him very forcibly of eternity.

☞ Horse-flies have begun to tickle the nose of him who tries to sleep late Sunday morning, and practice landscape gardening on the scalp of the bald.

☞ Thieves "went through" a Fort Wayne reporter, and came out with three lead pencils, a broken comb, and a dead-head circus ticket.

☞ A Natick printer thus set a familiar quotation: "Fraud after fraud departs."

☞ Oh, my dear, there is a most lovely set—pin, ear-ring, and sleeve-buttons. Do go buy them." Yes, my dear, I mean to go by them as fast as possible."

☞ A reckless innovator threatens to introduce paper shirts, and the washerwomen of the city are going to hold a meeting to see whether they have no rights that must be respected.

☞ Australia has higher trees than California, which is saying a good deal.

☞ A Newark physician was fined fifty dollars for failing to report a case of small-pox.

☞ The captain of a Massachusetts whaler on a recent voyage took from a sperm whale, which he captured in the South Pacific, an iron belonging to the ship Catawba, of Nantucket, lost some twenty years ago.

☞ The marriage ceremony in Japan consists of the man and woman drinking wine from the same cup. Divorce is not much more elaborate than marriage. The husband gives the wife a piece of paper, with a few lines of characters on it, and the knot is untied. A translation of the lines is given by a recent correspondent as follows: "I no likee you. I thinkee you likee other man more bettee. I give you piece a paper. You can go. Goodee by."

☞ A New Orleans thief lately sent back the stolen clothes of an under-sized citizen with a note, saying that he would wait for his victim to grow.

☞ Where once the prairie was trackless save for the Indian trail, it now bears tracks of T-rails; which shows what a difference a little dash may make.

☞ The advertisement of a Western stone-cutter reads: "Those who buy tombstones of us, look with pride and satisfaction on the graves of their friends."

☞ The little poetess who starts out: "There is a wail within my heart," has excited the disgust of her big boor of a father, who threatens to whale it all out of her.

☞ Young ladies have commenced to drive their basket carriages at Long Branch and Newport, some of which are exceedingly pretty and stylish—the carriages we mean.

☞ There is a man in Boston who has been seen by competent witnesses to set fire to portions of his stock, and heard to express the wish that most of it might be burned, and yet no notice of these facts have been taken by the authorities. He keeps a cigar store.

MY FIRST DUEL.

It is the fashion now-a-days in this country to reprobate dueling as foolish and immoral. However much it may still linger amongst other civilized nations, we, at any rate (so we tell ourselves), have drifted far away from the absurd habit of considering a cartel as the necessary consequence of the slightest provocation—the most effectual settlement of every trivial dispute.

It may perhaps be doubted whether the entire abandonment of the practice of dueling has, in its results, been productive of unmitigated good; whether cases have not arisen, and do not frequently arise, of which a duel would be by far the most satisfactory solution—cases in which the most severe moralist could scarcely sternly condemn the course,—where a man might take his own life in his hand for the sake of inflicting well-merited punishment upon another; and yet hope to meet with no harsh, inexorable doom if summoned to the presence of the all-merciful Judge; where the mere knowledge that a certain line of action must inevitably be pursued at the risk of his own life would suffice to deter a man from an infamous, and in this age too little punished crime. Such cases, however, if they exist at all, are, it must be admitted, rare. Nevertheless, it is not so very many years ago since the practice fell into disrepute, and I have still a vivid recollection of all the incidents connected with my own first duel.

Malta in 18—, not Malta as it is now; no mighty casemated fort towering in colossal strength below the Baracca; no huge cavernous tank or naval prison on Curradino; no dry dock at the Marsa,—no, not Malta as it is now, certainly, but still the same Malta, still the same paradise for nine months of the year, the same purgatory for the remaining three. The fierce heat of summer is giving place to the more tempered warmth of autumn, and men, worn out and enervated by an unusually hot season, are rejoicing in the prospect of a change, and looking anxiously, longingly, for the first shower of rain that shall impart some slight degree of coolness to the air, and render life somewhat more endurable. The eye, wearied with the continual glare reflected eternally from the white houses, the dusty roads, and bare glowing rock, in vain seeks relief from the brown-hardened fields. The grass is parched and withered, save in some few favored, sheltered spots; and the only green thing upon which the throbbing, blinded eye can rest is an occasional carob or fig tree. The very ground is athirst for rain, and the shrunken earth opens in great, yawning fissures, as if riven by some dire convulsion of nature. Every one, pallid and enfeebled with the heat, is looking forward to the approaching winter; and many are projecting picnics and excursions to some one of those few spots where vegetation is still to be found, and where, under the luxurious shade of some welcome tree, with the slumberous murmur of a tiny streamlet, or the ceaseless ripple of the ever-heaving ocean, falling soothingly on their ears, and the sweet odor of the orange blossoms hanging heavy in the motionless air, they may alternately watch the shimmering heat rising from the glowing ground, and refresh their eyes, wearied with the dazzling glare of the Valetta streets, with the sight of a green tree or a small patch of verdure-clad ground.

Just at this time the ship to which I belonged, his Majesty's frigate Spartiate, came into Malta harbor to get a new bowsprit fitted, in place of the one which she had "sprung" in a squall off the Greek coast a few days before. We had been at sea nearly the whole of the long, hot summer, and officers and crew were now equally delighted at the prospect of a run on shore. Most of us, however, were very soon tired of the parallel dusty terraces and steep flights of stone steps that constitute the streets of Valetta, and longed for something more nearly allied to the green fields and shady lanes of home. So, starting off one forenoon, and taking my servant with us with a hamper of provisions by way of luncheon, four of us chartered a calèche and bade the driver take us to Em Tahleb—a precipitous valley hidden amongst the rocky hills, somewhat to the southward of the centre of the island, calm, secluded, beautiful, and green; and, even then, famed for its strawberry gardens, and a favorite resort for a day's excursion. We strolled about, and lounged under the trees and dreamily smoked our cigars, and had luncheon, and lazily smoked again; and then I, who had never visited the place before, quitted the others, and started off on a short tour of exploration in the neighborhood. I had not proceeded far, and was sauntering meditatively beside a thick hedge of the prickly-pear cactus that separated me from the narrow path running through the grounds, when I heard a sound that caused me to stop short in my walk and look eagerly around. It was a slight cry, evidently born of fear, and issuing from feminine lips, and appeared to come from the other side of the hedge, to climb over or break through which seemed equally an impossibility.

Fortunately, however, a few yards in front of me, where some herdsmen had torn down the succulent plants to eke out the scanty sustenance which the withered herbage afforded to his milch goats, was a large gap. Thither I quickly bent my steps, and, emerging upon the pathway, became at once aware of the cause of the cry that I had heard. Standing hesitatingly, evidently unwilling to turn back, and yet afraid to advance, was a tall and beautiful girl, while coiled up in the centre of the path directly in front of her, fierce and menacing in his lesson strength, with head erect and his bright red eyes gleaming with malice, lay a large black snake.

"I have often since thought that, much as the girl was terrified at the reptile, these two formed, by nature, no ill-assorted pair. But I did not think so then. I suppose no man ever cares to expatiate in detail upon the charms and beauty of the woman who has aroused in his heart all the passion of which his nature is capable. It sounds too much like profaning the sacredness of love, and putting the woman upon whom one's dearest affections are concentrated on a par with a horse one is anxious to dispose of. At any rate, I am not going to give a detailed description of Rose Cornewall. It is sufficient that, as I saw her then for the first time, timid and shrinking, with her cheek paled, and her large lustrous eyes dilated with aversion and fear, I thought I had never gazed upon a sight so beautiful. As I ran towards her, the snake took fright, and, gliding away, succeeded, much to my annoyance, in making good his escape amongst the strawberry plants that fringed one side of the path; and then the least I could do was to offer my arm to the trembling, terrified girl, and crave permission to escort her to her party. We had not far to go, and then I gave my name and was duly introduced to her aunt, a Mrs. Luton, and warmly thanked for my opportune interposition. Aunt and niece, I found, had not long come out from England, and were going to spend the winter in Malta. So, after expressing a hope that I should meet them at some of the balls during the approaching season, and obtaining leave to call upon them in the meanwhile, I rejoined my companions and recounted my adventure.

The season began early that year in Malta. The summer cruise of the Mediterranean fleet was an unusually short one, and when the ships had returned to their winter moorings, balls and parties soon commenced in earnest. The intervening period had been a busy time for me. When once the Spartiate got into the hands of the dockyard, it was discovered that she stood in need of all sorts of repairs—that she wanted caulking; that her lower rigging was worn out, and required to be replaced; so altogether my time was pretty well occupied. Nevertheless, I had found leisure to call twice at Mrs. Luton's, and each time I had had the good fortune to find her and her niece at home; so that I was already engaged for several dances before I entered the room at the first ball of the season, and found that Rose Cornewall had arrived there before me.

There is no need to chronicle the events of the next few weeks. They were very much a repetition of the old, old story. Absurd as it may seem to say so, I was really hopelessly in love with a girl whom I had not seen half-a-dozen times; and before Christmas came, standing with her in the shelter of one of the bastions of Saint Elmo, watching the huge white waves as they came towering in, driven onward before the fury of a fierce *gregale*, and sending great showers of spray high into the air over the highest battlements of the fort, I received from her lips the solemn promise to be my wife.

Only a few days after my engagement to Rose had received the formal sanction of her aunt, Harry Gordon, my old messmate in the Argus, came out to join the Spartiate. He was one of the best fellows that ever drew breath—high-minded, honorable, and true as steel; and, proud of my beautiful fiancée, I took him one day to be introduced to her. Rose's back was turned as we entered the room; she was standing by the window, and had not heard the servant announce us; but hearing my voice, she looked round and came towards us. As she did so, her gaze rested for a moment upon Harry. She started, as I fancied, perceptibly, and every particle of color left her face, returning in an instant with a rapidity that flushed even her neck with the deepest crimson. In astonishment I turned to Harry, and as I did so, fancied I intercepted a quick glance of puzzled recognition; but as he did not claim acquaintance a moment afterwards when I introduced him, and as Rose ascribed her momentary indisposition to the shock of suddenly meeting a stranger when she had imagined I was unaccompanied, I had no option but to conclude that I must have been mistaken. Nevertheless, I had an uneasy, indefinable sensation, almost amounting to a dread of I knew not what. The conversation flagged, and Harry and I presently left together.

My companion was unusually silent as we walked along; so, partly by way of starting a conversation, partly to quiet the uneasy feeling in my own mind, I asked him whether he and Miss Cornewall had met before. He hesitated a moment ere he replied, and then said, "No. To tell you the truth, Charlie, she is the very image of a Miss Douglas that I used to know in London a couple of years ago, after we were paid off in the old Argus. That was what made me look so queer when I first saw her. But of course they can't be the same."

"No, of course not, as your friend's name was Douglas, and Rose's is Cornewall," I answered pettishly.

"Yes, of course they are different," he assented. "Well, I shall go on board again. I suppose you won't come just yet? Good-bye."

I went for a short walk that day before I returned to Mrs. Luton's. I was thoroughly vexed and uncomfortable. That Harry was not quite sure that the resemblance between Miss Cornewall and Miss Douglas was *only* a resemblance, I was perfectly certain of, from the tone in which he spoke, and I could not but confess that Rose's sudden pallor was, at any rate, an unfortunate coincidence; but then, to admit the possibility of this, opened up the way to a whole train of suspicions that I would not put into words, even to my own heart—that, indeed, when I had returned to Miss Cornewall's, I felt ashamed so far to yield as to ask her, as I had intended to do, whether she had ever before met Harry Gordon. From that day forward, however, an estrangement gradually sprung up between Harry and myself. I felt instinctively that he did not like Rose, and would not be sorry to see my engagement to her broken off; and this gave rise to a feeling of irritation and pride on my part, that frequently prompted me to say things to him which but for his uniform courtesy and good nature might have caused an open rupture. And so a coolness gradually grew up between us, that threatened to increase as time went on, and to sap even the very foundations of our old friendship.

All this time, too, the uneasy feeling that originated in my mind on the day that I introduced Harry to Miss Cornewall had been gaining strength. I could not account for it nor analyse it; it seemed like a vague dread of some impending evil, and, much as I struggled against it, I could not shake it off. Even in her presence it did not always entirely disappear; but there, at any rate, it was repressed by my passionate love for her, which forbade me even to hint at anything that might imply any want of confidence on my part. And so things went on, until the day was fixed that was to make Rose and me one. I had made up my mind that I would invite Harry to the ceremony, and the following morning I took an opportunity of doing so—moved thereto more perhaps by bravado than by any wish that he should actually be present on the occasion. He congratulated me, as I thought, very coldly upon the approaching event, and courteously declined my invitation; then turning suddenly towards me with a burst of his old cordial manner, and speaking very rapidly and earnestly, he said—

"Nolan, I can't let this go on without an effort to stop it. I must tell you—I ought to have told you long ago. For heaven's sake don't marry Miss Cornewall. I have the best of reasons for knowing that she is the same girl I used to know in London as Hester Douglas, and you know I was not living a very steady life then. Yes, strike me if you like, Charlie," he continued, as I made a stride towards him; "only listen. You and I are old friends, and I can't stand quietly by and see you innocently marry a girl that I *know* ought not to be your wife. Don't believe me; ask her—ask her whether she ever knew a Miss Douglas in London, or ever lived at Surbiton; and draw your own conclusions from her answers. You might have seen from her face, when you introduced me to her, that we had met before," he went on with a half sneer.

I had been silent with astonishment during Harry's speech; but the last few words, the cutting reference to that event, the origin of all those uneasy doubts and half formed suspicions that had ever since so cruelly haunted me, gave words to my anger, and caused me to form a sudden determination.

"I will ask her; and if, as I suspect, your statement is false—" I paused, almost choking with passion.

"I will abide the issue," he said calmly, and left the cabin.

Two hours afterwards I was in Miss Cornewall's presence. I had been at first all impatience to hear her denial of any acquaintance with Miss Douglas; but during the long row to the shore, and the toilsome walk up the steep hill that leads from the Custom-house to the gates, I had full leisure to grow cool, and to reflect that Harry had spoken of no suspicions, but had made a positive statement, which he, with his habitual caution, would be, of all men, the least likely to do, unless he had good reason for believing in its truth. And if it were true—; but by the time my reflections had reached this stage, I had arrived at Mrs. Luton's door, and after a moment's pause I rang the bell.

Rose was seated at the table, writing a letter, as I entered. She got up and came towards me, and taking her hand in mine, I led her to the couch at the end of the room, and seated myself beside her.

"Rose, when you were in London, did you ever hear of a Miss Douglas?"

Her eyes flashed under their long black silky lashes.

"Mr. Gordon has been talking to you," she said vehemently.

I looked at her in amazement. If Harry's statement were untrue, what possible association could there be in her mind between him and Miss Douglas? She saw that she had betrayed herself, and continued gently.

"I thought you knew that he called here the other day. Did he not tell you of it? I forgot to do so. I don't think he likes me, Charlie. O, my darling, don't let him come between us!" she murmured softly, as she nestled closer to my side.

I am neither able nor desirous to follow out the interview. A loving woman's (and with all her faults Rose *did* love me) endearments and caresses are too sacred to be lightly spoken of; and, excepting in so far as the narration of them may serve to the gratification of a morbid curiosity, it can be a matter of but little interest to any excepting the two most intimately concerned. I suppose I was a fool; perhaps my love blinded me. No doubt I ought to have seen through it all; but somehow I didn't. I only saw a beautiful girl whom I passionately loved—an angel who had been maliciously slandered. Carried away by the witchery of the moment, I forgot my long cherished doubts; I forgot the probabilities, the suspicious circumstances of the case. It seemed impossible to associate anything evil with one so fair, so gentle, so loving; and returning once more to the unwavering allegiance, to the unwavering confidence of old, I wondered with shame how I could ever have allowed myself to doubt. My heart wanted to be convinced, and it was convinced; but my reason was stubborn, however much I might decline to listen to its voice; and this did not tend to abate the irritation which, by an utterly irrational but perfectly natural reaction, I felt against Harry, and which induced me to regard him rather as one who had wilfully insulted my future wife than as one who, wishing to save me from what he justly regarded as an irreparable disgrace, had been led to make a false statement under the belief in its truth—a mistake for which an apology might be a sufficient atonement.

No doubt, had I had time for reflection, I should have viewed it in this light; but unfortunately, before I had left Mrs. Luton's house many minutes, whilst the glamour was still strong upon me, I met a party of men, foremost among whom was Harry Gordon. They were most of them acquaintances of my own, and little as a conversation with them accorded with my mood of the moment, I knew it was impossible to pass them without speaking.

"We are going up to Marti's to play a pool, Nolan," said Bertie Cheatle, when the first greeting was over. "Will you come?"

"Thanks, I'm going on board."

"O, nonsense; you'll do better on the board of green-cloth. Come along."

"It's no good, Cheatle; Nolan has given up all that sort of thing," broke in Harry, with a laugh.

The speech was innocent enough; but in my then state of feeling towards Gordon I was chafed that he should make any remarks about my actions; and in as hard, cold a tone as I could assume, I replied: "Mr. Gordon is requested to confine his attention to his own affairs, and, when he does meddle with other people's, not to make statements which are deliberately untrue."

Every one looked at me in astonishment. Harry turned very white, and from between his compressed lips came one word, "Charlie!"

"I said, sir, that your statement was deliberately untrue. Need I say more?"

One glance of pained surprise, and, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he took the arm of one of his companions, and walked away. As soon as he was gone, I turned to a man whom I knew, a captain in the 205th.

"Lane, you must see me through this," I said impetuously.

"With all my heart. Let us go to my quarters. Gentlemen, *au revoir*. If Gordon or De Lacy wants any information, tell him that Nolan is with me, will you? Nolan, what is all this about?" he continued, as soon as we were out of hearing. "I don't want to be inquisitive, but no one will believe but that there was some concealed motive for what you said—you and Gordon, such old friends, too; and if I am to act for you, don't you think, for your own sake, I ought to know it, so as to set you right in case of accidents?"

"I am afraid I can't tell you," I replied. "There is a motive, of course; but you must forgive me for using my own discretion about communicating it to any one."

Lane looked at me a moment in silence, and nothing more was said on the subject till we reached his quarters. There, about an hour afterwards, De Lacy joined us. He and I had never been introduced to one another; but after a hurried glance round the room, to assure himself that there were no casual intruders, he walked towards me.

"Lieutenant Nolan, I believe?" I bowed affirmatively as I took his card. "I need hardly say, I presume, that I am here on the part of Mr. Gordon. This seems a sad business. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," I replied briefly.

"Gordon has not been very explicit; but he hinted that there were reasons. Surely you will explain?" he broke off abruptly.

"I will explain nothing. Captain Lane acts for me."

"Then things must take their course;" and he turned to Lane.

Their conference was long and earnest. I heard afterwards that De Lacy tried again to bring about an understanding, and even admitted that he had been instructed to use every effort to induce me to apologize; but that Lane told him he was satisfied that it would be perfectly useless to endeavor to obtain any retraction or apology from me. At last De Lacy left, bowing ceremoniously to me as he quitted the room, and then Lane turned to me.

"It is settled for to-morrow morning at five o'clock, behind the Phœnician ruins on Corradino; pistols, of course. We had better have some dinner now, and that will give you an hour or two before you turn in to see after any business you want to attend to. I suppose you'll like a long night for the sake of steadying your hand and you'll have to be up early."

I have "been out" several times since; but I don't think that I ever experienced the same feelings on the eve of a meeting that I did on this occasion. It was not only that it was my first duel, that all the sensations connected with it were novel; but I seemed to be impelled by perfectly savage ferocity—by a sheer animal lust for blood. I knew that Harry was a dead shot: but the possibility of his hitting me did not greatly affect my mind. The sole feeling of which I was conscious was one of intense delight that I was about to have an opportunity of avenging what I had induced myself to consider his maliciously false imputations upon Miss Cornewall.

I had but little to do in the way of preparation, and that little was soon done—a letter to my mother, another to Rose, a few lines to one or two old friends on the chance of the worst—and then Lane and I drew our chairs up to the window, and smoked and talked until our watches warned us that, with the prospect of an early journey before us, we could no longer defer going to bed.

Lane awoke me in good time the next morning.

"I have given you till the last minute, Nolan. Edwards will be here directly with the calèche; I sent him for it some time ago. You'll find a cup of coffee in the next room; or would you prefer a nip of brandy—just a something to steady the nerves?"

Out through the Porta Reale, across Floriana parade ground, round the Marsa, with scarcely a word spoken between us; and then, where the road turns off on the left towards Burmola, we left our calèche. A scramble over a low stone wall, a five minutes' walk through the young barley sprouting beneath our feet, and we reached the ground—a small field encompassed with low walls of shapeless blocks of jagged unhewn stone piled one on another. In one corner of it was a circle of upright single stones, commonly known as the Phœnician ruins—a sort of stonehenge in miniature—and towards this we bent our way. There was no one behind them, and we were evidently first on the ground; so we sat down, and awaited the arrival of our adversaries. It was one of those clear glorious mornings that are so common in the Mediterranean in early Spring. Behind us, the slope of the ground, while it concealed us from observation from the ships in the harbor, also shut in the view in that direction; but in front of us the country stretched out for miles in a highly cultivated plain, till in the distance the rampart and towers of Città Vecchia bounded the scene, and stood out, white with the early rays of the morning sun, above the purple blue haze that toned down without obscuring the varying tints of the intervening valley. Every now and again the rumble of some country cart, or the monotonous drone of some peasant laborer hastening to his daily toil, broke upon the silence; but beyond that all was still. Suddenly we heard the sound of falling stones, and looking round, saw Gordon, De Lacy, and some third person whom I did not know, vaulting the low wall that encompassed the field. On seeing us they stopped and Lane rising and advancing a step or two towards them, he and De Lacy drew a little apart, and I was left standing alone. Presently I saw the seconds measuring the ground, and then Lane came up to me and led me to my post, saying, as he put the cold butt of the pistol into my hand—

"Gordon has brought a doctor with him. Mind and aim low." Then he added in a louder voice, "Gentlemen, are you both ready? Mr. De Lacy gives the words, one—two—three; at the last word you fire."

There we stood—Harry and I—in the brightening light, half facing one another, sombre and stern, each of us with his pistol in his hand, waiting for the word. How long this state of expectation lasted I cannot say—not more than a few seconds, I suppose; but it sufficed to carry me back in thought many years, and to bring before me a vision of the old parsonage house and ivy-mantled church, the green fields and shady lanes, amongst which my childhood had been passed. At length De Lacy's voice recalled me to myself, as in clear incisive tones he slowly uttered the words—

"One—two—three."

The two reports rang out simultaneously, and, with a slight cry, Harry fell on his face on the ground. Then, forgetting all about Rose—remembering only the old friendship between Gordon and myself—I rushed forwards in a paroxysm of remorse at my handiwork. But the seconds had anticipated me; and before I could cover the intervening ground, De Lacy was supporting Harry's head upon his knee. The doctor, too, was kneeling by him, examining the wound. The bullet had entered on the right side, where Harry had exposed it by raising his arm to fire, but the flow of blood was very slight. The surgeon, however, evidently thought it serious; for after a short examination, he rose and shook his head sadly. Slight as the motion was, Harry's eye detected it, and he made a sign to the others to draw back. The seconds looked at one another for a moment, and then, in spite of the irregularity of the proceeding, they complied; and taking De Lacy's place, I bent down to catch the words as they fell from Harry's lips.

"Charlie, I'm afraid I'm done for this time. Don't reproach yourself, old fellow; it couldn't be helped. Of course, we know what it was about, however little others may. I didn't want to do any one any harm," he went on almost plaintively, "or to violate any one's confidence; but I was in hopes that what I said to you yesterday would have led to your engagement being broken off: but as you have chosen to fight for her, I suppose it is on still. Charlie, you mustn't marry her; indeed you mustn't. Put your hand into my pocket, and you'll find a bundle of letters—that's it—that will tell you all about it."

Harry's voice had been growing weaker and weaker as he spoke, until the last few words were almost a whisper; so I made a sign to the others, and carefully, tenderly we carried him to his calèche, and placed him in it. He was taken to De Lacy's rooms, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, and where I saw him frequently. A good constitution pulled him through at last, however, in spite of the doctors; and the Spartiate being then up the Adriatic, he did not rejoin her, but invalided to England.

And the packet? When I had gone on board, and could open it quietly in the seclusion of my own cabin, I found that it consisted of four letters. The first was from Harry to myself, and was merely to the effect that, having in view the possibility that the duel might be fatal to him, and thinking that I ought to be made aware of the truth, he had prepared this packet, to furnish me with the evidence of it, in case of his decease. Then came two other letters, addressed to him, and dated about two years back. I had little need to read them—the handwriting told me who the author was; but I read them through. They were both signed "Hester Douglas;" and their contents were such as to leave no reasonable doubt of the relation which the writer bore to Gordon at the time they were written. The blow had fallen. All Harry's imputations—all those suspicions that his words had suggested, but that I had never allowed myself to entertain—were true. There was no need of farther evidence; but, as if to render it complete, there was the fourth letter still unread, and I resolutely forced myself to read it. Even at that moment I found time to notice that it looked newer, less soiled than the others. It was dated "Strada Stretta, Malta, Feb 2, 18—" the day that I had introduced Harry to Miss Cornewall; and ran as follows:—

"I knew it must come at last—that we should meet again. But you will keep my secret, won't you? O, Harry, for the sake of the love you once bore me, spare me. He knows nothing—need never know anything. And I love him, Harry, and have put away the past with the old name. Why should you visit the sins of Hester Douglas upon

ROSE CORNEWALL."

When I had finished reading the letters, I could not at once decide upon the next step. My brain was in a whirl, and for the time I seemed incapable of volition. At length, however, I determined to adopt a suggestion contained in Harry's note to myself, namely, that I should forward the letters to Miss Cornewall. I enclosed them therefore in an envelope, together with a few lines from myself, telling her the circumstances under which they came into my possession, and intimating that, all things considered, it would, in my opinion, be better that we should not meet again. From that day to this I have never seen Rose Cornewall: but some twelve months afterwards I heard that she had become a Roman Catholic, and had entered a convent at Naples.

As for myself, I did not remain long on the station. The duel was a great deal talked about, and all sorts of reasons were assigned for it by popular rumor; and I was sick at heart, and not ambitious of notoriety. I wanted some place where I could see new faces and find new occupation. So, within a month of the duel—as soon, in fact, as Gordon was out of danger—I applied to be superseded, and came home to England.

When I came to think coolly about it afterwards, it did appear somewhat extraordinary that, considering Harry's renown as a shot, I should have come scathless out of the affair. I had not been home long, however, when I made a discovery that perhaps accounted for his bad shooting. He was then, and had been for some time previously, secretly engaged to my sister. The whole thing came out when he invalided to England, and they were married shortly after. I do not know whether Harry ever made a clean breast to his wife of what happened in Malta; but I am inclined to think that their second daughter, Rose (she is the mother of two children herself now), is not unlikely to benefit by the will of her crusty old bachelor uncle.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

Branwell had left the ladies in the parlor, and had wandered out, not going near the falls, but hearing that tremendous monotone, which he almost thought to be the grand diapason of all the music of the world. His heart was filled and soothed, and he felt something like vexation at the intrusion when a hand was laid upon his arm. He turned quickly, and his lips parted in an exclamation of surprise when he recognized his old secretary, Morton—somewhat embrowned by travel, but still the same, free, careless, debonair, with perhaps not too much of strong principle in him.

He grasped his quondom employer's hand with the close pressure of astonishment and pleasure.

"I shall bless the fates that sent me here," he said, "though I came reluctantly enough."

"What is it, a business trip?" asked Branwell, forgiving the interruption for the sake of an hour's chat with the secretary. "And what are you doing now?"

"Oh, I have subsided into a travelling agent for a manufacturing company in New York. I came back quite penniless from my Eastern travels, and was obliged to go to work in good earnest. It's devilish poor to be a poor devil."

"Can I help you any?" asked Branwell.

"Thank you, no; I am tolerably well provided for at present. I only hope the stars hold a fortune in store for me."

Thus strolling about the hotel grounds, the two men talked of many things, cursorily, with a passing interest in each.

Leaning against the pillar of the piazza, with a bright moon shining full upon the face of his companion, who stood opposite to him, Morton suddenly said with his flippant pleasantness of manner:

"Apparently the world has been good to you, Branwell. Your face bears the years very well; that mysterious marriage hasn't haunted you very severely, I fancy. Have you ever made the acquaintance of the bride?"

"Never," was the cold response.

"What!" cried Morton with vivacity. "Then my prophecy is not yet fulfilled; for I believe I predicted that some happy day you would chance to see her and fall in love with her."

"And I predicted that I should not," said Branwell.

"Well, it was one of the most absurd affairs I ever heard of," continued Morton, throwing away a cigar and preparing to light another. "I am sorry you still continue so sensitive about it. What is the harm in your trying to see the girl, and become acquainted with her?" And Morton divided his conversation between his companion and the wreaths of smoke he was puffing.

"You forget," said Branwell, "that I received a letter from her in which such a thing is forbidden. It would not be easy to transgress the desire she then expressed, even if I wished to do so, which I do not."

"Pshaw! nothing in the world but woman's nonsense," said Morton with manly scorn. "I'd bet a fortune, if I had it, that she has repented writing that miserable letter. Its source could only have been a whim at the time."

"Do you think so?" musingly asked Branwell, thinking of Miss Lorillard.

"Where is your wife?" asked Morton.

Branwell started at that word—it had never been said to him before.

"I don't know. You know the circumstances too well to ask that, Morton."

Morton laughed with a laugh that grated upon his companion's ears. "You are a gallant fellow," he said. "So, if you wanted to communicate with your wife, you'd be obliged to resort to the detective force for aid."

Branwell did not reply; his speculations were very bitter. He did not like the conversation, but he was not surprised at the way Morton viewed his course.

"Morton," he said suddenly, "you saw her; how does she look—do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember very well indeed," was the emphatic reply. "A man is not apt to forget the handsomest woman he ever saw. I tell you, Branwell, I never pitied you for being blind so much as I did when you stood there so stolidly with that woman's hands in yours."

In spite of himself, Branwell could not help averting his eyes as a powerful and mingled emotion swept over him. In a moment he said:

"But that isn't describing her to me."

"I can't describe her, only in a general way; she gave me an idea of extreme beauty, without my having the power at that time to tell just what her features were. But I remember very distinctly that she was tall and graceful; that she was light, and had an abundance of beautiful hair, and curious-colored eyes that almost seemed yellow—very much like her hair—an unusual color, I thought. She affected me even in that short time as being cultured in the highest degree—every inch a lady—a Howard de Howard in short," and Morton puffed away enthusiastically upon his cigar.

Branwell's hand, thrust into the pocket of his sacque, clenched in a mute defiance of the fate thrust upon him. He stood with eyes fixed absently upon space, thinking that here was a witness even more powerful than the silent ones he had found in his uncle's desk.

"Apparently the fact that you are the husband of this beautiful woman does not exhilarate you," remarked Morton, gazing upon Branwell with astonishment.

Branwell smiled coldly, as he said:

"Her beauty is nothing to me. It appears, Morton, that you have a most superficial view of the case. To be frank with you, I must say I don't care to receive any of the congratulations one offers to a bridegroom. Hereafter you will remember that I have no wife—save a legal claimant of my name and inheritor of my property."

"A nice little situation for one who wished to play the devil generally," said Morton with a satirical laugh.

Branwell scanned the face turned carelessly away. The moonlight does not reveal plainly the finer character-marks upon a countenance, but Branwell saw what he thought were signs of more reckless, dissipated living than when he had known him.

"If you will forgive a friend's remark, Morton," Branwell said, "I should say your travels had not improved your morals. I always thought you had the elements of a kind of dare-devil in you, and I am sorry to say they appear to have developed."

Morton blushed behind his cigar.

"So you detect the hoof and horns, do you?" he asked; then deprecatorily: "But I'm not such a bad fellow after all. In proof of which, I am very glad to have found you here, and shall take advantage of that excuse to remain as long as possible. Are you here alone?"

"No, I am the escort in general of an aunt, two cousins, and a lady friend of theirs. Will you go in and finish your smoke in my room?"

"I believe not: I am tired and shall go directly to bed. I hope in the morning you will honor me with a presentation to your fair charges. Good-night."

The two separated in the hall, and Morton went up stairs: but Branwell returned to the piazza and lingered latest of all the loungers.

In the morning, at breakfast, Branwell watched the door for Morton's entrance, curious beyond words as to his appearance when he should see the lady whom he had described the night before. But, as is often the case when one watches, the looked-for one did not come.

"Mr. Branwell, are you looking for a friend?" asked Miss Lorillard after one of his glances at the door.

"I met an old acquaintance last night, and I've been betrayed into turning round to look for him every time one has entered," he answered.

He could not tell why, but he looked fully and suspiciously at his companion as he spoke. She met his glance with limpid eyes, making some commonplace remark as she did so.

After breakfast the ladies were in the parlor laying plans for the day. Branwell lounged round, expecting the appearance of Morton.

At last Morton emerged from the breakfast-room, looked round, saw Branwell, and approached.

"I was expecting you," said Branwell, "for I wanted to present you to the ladies before we went out, and invite you to accompany us."

"Yes, I am impatient for that honor," said Morton, fingering his watch chain nervously, "but I am afraid I shall not be able to go out with you, as I have business this morning."

"Never mind, then. But you were a gallant fellow of old," responded Branwell, "and I know you want to see the ladies."

The two entered the parlor, where were half a dozen ladies reading and talking. Though Branwell was conscious of the presence of all, yet he saw only Morton and Miss Lorillard. The latter was standing by a window, and did not turn as the gentlemen came forward. Branwell saw Morton glance around the room, then his eyes fastened upon Miss Lorillard, who's figure was clearly defined against the window, and his face lost its look of carelessness and became startled and earnest; he even made that involuntary cessation of all movement which is so natural to surprise. It was evident that he felt Branwell's eyes upon him, and it was probably for that reason that he appeared slightly constrained, as an actor will sometimes appear.

Mrs. Richmond met them near the door, and after a few words with her, they advanced to Miss Lorillard's side, who, knowing that there were people in the room, did not notice their approach.

Branwell touched her arm, saying: "Pardon me for interrupting a revery, but here is a friend of mine who wishes to know you."

Miss Lorillard turned with a quickness of motion unusual to her. Was it the abruptness of Branwell's address that gave that look of something resembling dread and fear to her face? But it had left it instantly, and Branwell did not see it, for his eyes were fastened upon Morton while he presented him to the lady.

Morton's face crimsoned as he met this lady face to face, and he bowed in such confusion that Branwell half pitied him; then he looked at Branwell as if beseeching to know how she came here, and if Branwell knew who she was. But Branwell's face was impenetrable, save that it was vigilantly watchful. That expression seemed to restore Morton to his self-possession, and in a moment he was gay and nonchalant again.

As for Miss Lorillard, she greeted him cordially, as it became her to a friend of Branwell's, and suavely and graciously as it became herself.

Branwell lingered near, joining in the conversation, betraying nothing of the conflict within him. It was arranged that they should go down to the falls that morning. Morton could not go, and when Branwell saw him alone for a few moments after they left the parlor, neither said anything concerning the lady, and it was plain Morton had decided not to mention her, and Branwell tacitly acquiesced in that silence.—*Galaxy.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An old toper being asked one day why he persisted in drinking, replied, "Dry makes me drink, drink makes me drunk, and drunk makes me dry again." The explanation was considered quite sufficient.

☞ In Michigan, a short time ago, a couple who had lately been divorced, met at a railway station, and the woman tried to induce the man to take their child, a babe of nine months. He refused, and she laid the helpless creature on the platform, and they both went their way and left it there.

☞ The entire police force of a city in Connecticut resigned recently in a body. It consisted of one man.

☞ A handsome and aristocratic young lady, in reduced circumstances, has been appointed keeper of a toll-bridge over the Neuse river, in North Carolina, whereat an editor down there says: "There will undoubtedly be more young men than ever tolled over that bridge, and many a love story will be told over it too."

☞ A lady in Indiana has been granted a divorce on the plea that her husband had refused to assist her on washing days.

☞ Three Arab laborers are working on a railroad in Massachusetts. They cannot speak English, but are reported to be excellent workmen.

☞ French code for kissing—Give your hand to a gentleman to kiss, your cheek to a friend, but keep your lips for your lover.

☞ A pair of New Haven parents are afflicted with a boy that doesn't stop whistling even in his sleep.

☞ Where the difficulty lies.—Figaro has found a man who cannot understand all the mysteries of cosmography. He finds it natural enough that the distance of the stars from the earth should be accurately determined, but he can't understand how the scientists ever found out their names.

☞ An old revolver—the cards. Hop culturists—Dancing masters. The disease from which our journals suffer most—humorism.

☞ If anything could account for Mr. Robert Hart, of Utica, N. Y., emerging from the second story of his boarding house without going through the formalities of the stairs, it was the presence of four of his wives.

☞ A Rochester lady says that the mortality among the Masons must be unusually great this year. Every time that she asks for recreation her husband feels that he is obliged to attend a brother's funeral.

☞ "Father, why don't we ever see any face at the window?" asked a son of his parent, as they were passing an insane asylum, "Because their heads are turned," was the affectionate father's reply.

☞ A Western doctor lately advertised that for more convenience he had removed opposite the churchyard.

"Can't do Without It."—This is what the stage and horse car companies, livery-stable keepers, members of the turf, and all grooms and trainers say of the MUSTANG LINIMENT. They "can't do without it." And why? Because it infallibly reduces the external swellings, &c., which, under various names, impair the usefulness and value of the king of quadrupeds, and also because, for sprains, strains, galls and other injuries to which horse-flesh is liable, it is the most trustworthy preparation in the market. Yet these recommendations comprise only a portion of its claims to public confidence. During a period of more than sixteen years, it has been recognized as a specific for many of the most agonizing disorders which afflict the human family—such as rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, lumbago, tic-doloreux, sore throat, earache, toothache; and likewise as a peerless application for cuts, bruises, burns and scalds.

☞ Teacher—"What bird did Noah send out of the Ark?" Smallest boy in the class, after a pause—"A dove, sir." Teacher—"Very well. But I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that." Tall pupil—"Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, 'cause his father's a bird ketcher, sir!—*Punch.*

A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

Gratitude finds expression in various forms and ways; in the presentation of a flower, a bank-check, a book, a painting or poetry. The fireman who saves a loved daughter from burning, is by the grateful parent rewarded with that daughter's hand, or a bank-check for a few thousands. A Newfoundland dog which saves a child from drowning is ever after dearer to the mother than all the canary birds in the world. A celebrated poet of this city, who doubtless has suffered, and been cured by Dr. Sherman, thus lets his heart run out in metred praise of his deliverer:—

THE SAVED THOUSANDS.

Wreaths around all true, tried Healers, wreathe by
gratitude entwined,
Sound and strong must be the body for the full sweep
of the mind;
This at first was stamped the Flat from the GREAT
PHYSICIAN'S Will,
And to man it is proved daily by our SHERMAN'S perfect skill.
Not from one this witness only! No! in thousands
o'er the land,
We, the saved from Hernia's torture, now, exulting,
firmly stand.
O the days, the nights of danger in such agony of
frame!
O, the sense of failing power! O, Hope's fast expiring flame!
But there was a grand restorer; not in trusses often
tried
With their clasping of deception, what a host of victims died!
Yes, there was a sure Restorer, the *Appliance* SHERMAN wrought,
And by God's own rainbow blessing, safety to us
swiftly brought.
O, how painless his appliance! What a sense of freedom, still,
While it was, like a dear angel, from us driving Rupture's ill!
Well has it been called miraculous. Science like this
on our sod
Does seem as an inspiration from the very breath of
God.
And not only we who needed and applied the cure
divine,
Wreaths of earnest gratulation here for SHERMAN'S
forehead twine.
Hundreds of our foremost Surgeons, famed ones who
have seen the test
In full hundreds of worst cases—cautious PARKER
'mid the rest—
To the whole world own that SHERMAN'S Instruments
are cheapest, *best;*
And the mighty BEECHER, with his always own truth-writing hand,
Has, in a broad, Heaven-like letter, starred their
worth all o'er the land.
O, all ye who suffer like us, man or woman, girl or
boy,
Inflammation, Strangulation, need not evermore destroy!
What we've said, and say, is but our bounden duty
and our joy.
Yes, it is our *sacred* duty; silence in us would be
crime;
We *were* cured and let the Triumph thunder to the
sick through Time!
Once again, victorious SHERMAN, hear us from our
healthy ranks:
Sent by Heaven itself, as you were, under it receive
our thanks.
Long may you, with broad, calm forehead, deep,
bright eyes, and fitly crowned,
Free from Woe with your APPLIANCE, and your
CURATIVE COMPOUND!
Ruptured thousands, may you like us, swell your
raptures from the sod,
Saved by SHERMAN'S inspiration from the very breath
of *God.*

☞ A Buffalo clergyman stated in a recent sermon that the fact had come to his knowledge of a child but three years old being received into the orphan asylum in that city, who was afterward found to be suffering from nothing less than delirium tremens. The mother of the child was a most intemperate woman, and had actually fed her offspring from the whisky bottle.

Poisoned to Death.

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate this vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood and be conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day two and a half pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc.; but these organs become overtaxed in performing this labor, in addition to their natural functions, and cannot long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical centre of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood which passes to it from the heart, and it fails to perform its office healthfully. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind on any subject, impairment of memory, dizzy, sleepy, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings and irritability of temper. The *blood itself*, being diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, is an irritating and poisonous that it produces discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels, and other organs spoken of, cannot escape becoming affected, sooner or later, and costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, female weakness, and many other forms of chronic disease, are among the necessary results. As a remedy for all these various manifestations of disease, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is positively unequalled. By it the liver and stomach are changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, the blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew. Sold by all first-class Druggists. 57G.

Brilliancy of Complexion.—For its preservation Hurnett's Collision is guaranteed.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma R. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines.

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

(Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

RADWAY & CO. 32 Warren St., New York
my11-G.

A Pitiful Condition.

It is a sad thing to pass through life only half alive. Yet there are thousands whose habitual condition is one of languor and debility. They complain of no specific disease; they suffer no positive pain; but they have no relish for anything which affords mental or sensuous pleasure. In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

Now, what does common sense suggest under these circumstances of depression? The system needs rousing and strengthening; not merely for an hour or two, to sink afterward into a more pitiable condition than ever (as it assuredly would do if an ordinary alcoholic stimulant were resorted to,) but radically and permanently.

How is this desirable object to be accomplished? The answer to this question, founded on the unvarying experience of a quarter of a century, is easily given. Infuse new vigor into the digestive organs by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Do not waste time by administering temporary remedies, but wake the system up by recuperating the fountainhead of physical strength and energy, the great organ upon which all the other organs depend for their nurture and support.

By the time that a dozen doses of the great vegetable tonic and invigorant have been taken, the feeble frame of the dyspeptic will begin to feel its benign influence. Appetite will be created, and with appetite the capacity to digest what it craves. Persevere until the cure is complete—until healthful blood, fit to be the material of flesh and muscle, bone and nerve, and brain, flows through the channels of circulation, instead of the watery pabulum with which they have heretofore been imperfectly nourished. 13t

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

A NEW NOVELET.

In our present number we commence a New Serial entitled

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SEALE THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

The many admirers of this romantic writer will, we are sure, take great delight in reading this last production of his gifted pen.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

LESSONS FROM A STRAWBERRY.

Some time since an American was expatiating on English ignorance. He had found in London men of considerable intelligence who did not know whether potatoes grew in the ground, or how they grew. He was astonished soon afterwards by a similar occurrence at home. A lawyer—a Philadelphia lawyer at that—in a case before court, did not know how many years it took to bring a cabbage to perfection. The fact is, none of us can afford to laugh at our neighbors' ignorance; and especially when that ignorance is in regard to common things.

Here is the strawberry before us. How many know what it is they are eating? We talk of the delicious "berry," when in truth it is not a berry at all. But this is not surprising, for, as already said, even those learned in the higher branches have a singular ignorance about the objects of every-day life. The writer remembers an examination in botany of a college graduating class. It always had been the custom to question the students on the leading differences between the principal families of plants. On this occasion, instead of the expected inquiry, "How is Rosacea distinguished from Papilionacea?" or some such learned interrogatory, they were asked to tell in descriptive language the difference between a strawberry, a blackberry, and a mulberry. No one could say, though they had presented themselves for examination as experts in botanical studies.

The strawberry is not a berry. It is barely entitled to rank as a fruit. The delicious morsel is simply the receptacle or upper portion of the stem on which the seeds are set. Every child knows the dandelion, and its silk like seeds, which in playfulness it blows away in order to see "What's o'clock." Then there is left on the stem a punctured surface like the end of a thimble. If, now, this dotted surface were to become more cellular and swell rapidly as a mushroom swells, carrying along with it the seeds to its surface, we should have a fruit like unto a strawberry. This is precisely the way the strawberry is produced. It is one of those instances where a very small incident resulted remarkably. There are other plants closely allied to the strawberry—botanists call them Potentillas—which are strawberries in everything but this pulpy matter underlying the seeds. The whole of these plants—a very extensive family—are utterly worthless for any purpose to man. Supposing, on the Darwinian theory, that the strawberry is developed from these dry-headed fellows, and that the sweet succulence is the result of some power of evolution, it will be seen on how narrow a chance this great change stood. The Irish swain who likened his adored to a plate of "strawberries smothered in crame," could scarcely contemplate without a shudder how nearly the sweet simile might have been lost to him.—*Philadelphia Press.*

AN EDITORIAL "SUB."

The wife of the editor of the Utica (N.Y.) Daily Bee is filling the editorial chair of that establishment like a brave woman, while her husband is in prison for contempt of court. She is tired of editorial life, however, as may be seen from the following paragraph:

"We wish the editor would come back. We don't want to occupy his chair any longer. It isn't pleasant. We don't like it. We don't like to have tall, beetle-browed Bret Harts come striding into our presence, armed with a heavy cudgel, and demanding to know who wrote some of the meekest paragraphs ever put in a paper. We don't like to dun or be dunned. We don't like to have the proprietors of old established printing offices get our printers away from us. We don't like so much care and responsibility. We are glad we are not a man. We would not have his care and anxiety of business for all the ballots in the United States. Women who choose may occupy exceptional positions, but we had rather be excused. We never craved this job, and are not a bit thankful that it has been thrust upon us. It is dingy and dark in here, and we had rather be out in the sunshine. Shopping has inexpressible charms for us, and it is a woman's privilege,

For man must work
And women be gay.

"Besides, there are some fine points of scenery about here which need sketching. So let's have the editor back again, by all means."

EMERSON says:—"I visit, occasionally, the Cambridge library, and seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of all is already within the four walls of my study at home. The inspection of the catalogue brings me continually back to the few standard writers who are on every private shelf; and to these it can afford only the most slight and casual additions. The crowds of centuries of books are only commentary and elucidation, echoes and wakenesses of these great voices of time.

☞ Moonlight sails are now in vogue at Lake George, where a gay and brilliant company have assembled. They are enlivened by music from the hotel bands and songs from the amateur boatmen.

ANTIPATHIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

We can't, always, can we, dear Mr Post? I mean we can't always help disliking certain people? I know that I cannot—and I do not believe I am entirely alone in the feeling.

There are people in this world who have never harmed or injured me in any way shape or manner; people with whom I have never exchanged half a dozen words, perhaps; people who possibly *like* me, and who would be pained if they had a suspicion of my sentiments towards them, yet I can never see them without experiencing a variety of unpleasant sensations.

I cannot bear to clasp hands with them; I do not want to look in their faces, or hear the sound of their voices. I cannot enjoy myself, if they are present; and the more I struggle against the feeling, the stronger it becomes.

Now if this is wrong, as some think, how am I to help it? How am I to overcome or eradicate the feeling?

I remember a certain lady whom I could never meet on the street, in the parlor, or anywhere, without feeling my organs of combativeness swell to twice their usual size; and though I might endeavor to smile, and hide the *Heenanish* condition of my mind under a pleasant countenance, the corners of my mouth *would* twitch *down*, and the end of my nose would take a "celestial" turn.

And yet I had nothing in the world against this lady. I had never heard of her until we met, and I was not prejudiced against her, and I felt those very same emotions the first moment I looked at her. She was a very good sort of person too; all her acquaintances spoke well of her, and she was considered rather bright and pleasant. I fought hand with my rebellious feeling, but it was useless; the sound of her voice irritated me—the rustle of her dress, or "swish" of her train made me feel like fighting, and in fact, I disliked her.

Now how was it wicked, in as much as I could not help it. If I had acted upon my impulses, and said disagreeable things to her, when I felt like it—if I had tried to make her uncomfortable, or thrown obstacles in her way, *then* I confess the feeling would have been a sin, because it actuated me to do those things.

But I didn't. I bit my lip whenever an ugly word arose—I never did or said, willfully, anything to make her unhappy; but like her, I could not. It made me more uncomfortable than it did her, I guess, for I think she never suspected the state of my mind. I hope not, at least; though even now, as I write of her, all the old ugliness arises up in me.

This is but a single case. I wish I might say with truth a solitary case. But at every turn in the journey of life I come upon such people. I cannot think the fault is entirely in myself. I possess adaptability in excess; can adapt myself to almost any circumstances in a very short space of time, and feel quite at ease unless one of these *antipathies* is present. Then, no matter how congenial my surroundings in other respects, I am ill at ease and uncomfortable.

Once I had a friend who had another friend. Friend No. 1 told me of friend No. 2, and wished that I might meet her. Also told No. 2 of me, and a mutual interest was awakened. We desired to make each other's acquaintance. I was anxious for the time to come when we should meet. It came, we met, and I felt as if a wind had blown down from Norway and chilled me in midsummer. When our eyes met, when our hands touched, I discovered that we were antipathies. It was useless to struggle against it. Favorably prejudiced as I was, anxious as I had been to meet her, I felt that I never could like her, that we should be for all time to come strangers in heart and feeling.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," is a very hard commandment to keep literally, if we consider all men our neighbors. But I do not think God expects us to *love* with a warm affection all our fellow beings. It is a downright impossibility. If we love them sufficiently to do them a favor whenever we can, to place no obstacles in their paths, to speak no ill of them, I fancy God will not lay it up against us if among the number we *do* find those we cannot take into our hearts, those who jar upon us, and fret us, and annoy us.

For my part, I do not expect all people to love, or even like me. Undoubtedly I am as obnoxious to some individuals as the above-mentioned persons are to me; and whenever I discover that my presence is distasteful to any man, woman or child, all I do is to keep away from said person as much as possible. I do not harbor ill feeling on that account, for I know how it is myself, (now I didn't mean to use slang there), and remember that it is impossible for some natures to avoid these feelings; and I do not think it is wicked, for we cannot help it.

James Gordon Bennett's Wedding.

The intended marriage of the late Mr. Bennett was announced in his paper June 1, 1840, in this peculiar manner:

To the Readers of the Herald—Declaration of Love—Caught at Last—Going to be Married—New Movement in Civilization.

I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful, times are getting so good, the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious, that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer, so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen during my interesting pilgrimage through human life. I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfill that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life, against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love.

In a few days I shall be married, according to the most holy rites of the most holy Christian church, to one of the most remarkable, accomplished, and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She has no Stonington shares, or Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance, another half million; in soul, in mind, and beauty, millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world.

Happily the patronage of the public to the Herald is nearly $25,000 per annum—equal to a President's salary. But property in the world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation, the religious associations of female excellence, the progress of true industry—these have been my dreams by night and my desire by day. In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter, and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal changes in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What they may be I know not—time alone can tell.

My ardent desire has been through life to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Associated night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of the highest order of excellence, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and those results the future must develop in due time in the columns of the Herald. Meanwhile I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both in Europe and America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

In the postscript of this announcement, Mr. Bennett gives notice that he shall have no time to waste upon the editors who attack him, "until after the marriage and the honeymoon." On the 8th of June, 1840, the marriage was announced at the head of the editorial columns of the Herald as follows:

On Saturday afternoon, the 5th instant, by the Rev. Dr Powers, at St. Peter's Catholic Church, in Barclay street, James Gordon Bennett, proprietor and editor of the New York Herald, to Henrietta Agnes Cream. What may be the effect of this event on the great newspaper contest now waging in New York, time alone can tell.

LILLIE CLARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MINNIE MAY.

"'Tis good to be honest and kind,
'Tis good to be loving and true,
'Tis good to be off wi' the old love,
Before you are on wi' the new."

No doubt you are fair
Indeed, Lillie Clare,
No doubt that your eyes are fine,
Nor that the bright hair of thine, Lillie Clare,
Quite rivals the gold in hue;—

Or that my hair is dark as the raven's wing,
And my eyes like a gathering storm!
Even so! And my love is no light trifling thing,
And my heart beats high and warm.

So, grand as you are,
Oh pale Lillie Clare,
It were well if your love were true,
Or that a heart proud to dare as mine, Lillie Clare,
Could surrender its love to you!

Let me whisper one word in your ear so pink,
One word of them all most true,
It were well had he ceased loving me, I think,
Before he commenced loving you.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

DECORATION DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

One of the most beautiful among the many beautiful ceremonies and customs of the Roman Church, is that of decking the graves of the dead with flowers. Every year, somewhere near the time of "All Souls' Day," the congregation of the little village church hereabouts, go out in procession, men, women, and children to the graveyard, the good father at their head, and deposit garlands and flowers upon the graves of their departed friends, concluding the ceremony with a most beautiful and impressive open air religious service. Once of a rarely bright and sunny Sunday afternoon, a friend and I followed the procession out to the quiet little graveyard, and witnessed the services. In my whole life I remember nothing more sweetly solemn and touching than that open air religious ceremony. The blue sky, piled with mountains of white cloud; the singing of the waters near by; the bird-songs in the trees, mingling with the chanting of the choir, and above all, the sweet, eloquent words of the aged priest, himself standing just on the shores of the unknown sea of eternity, would have filled the soul of the stubbornest unbeliever on earth with a gentle, holy religious feeling—a feeling of worship and blessed peace. The very airs of Heaven seemed floating around, and it was not hard to believe, yes, it was hard *not* to believe, that the souls of the blessed dead were in very truth hovering over their dear ones here below. It was surely a scene lovely enough and unworldly enough for the holy angels to behold with pleasure.

So ought Decoration Day, May 30, to be observed in these United States.

It ought to be a day sacred to all the holy, gentle feelings of mortal nature, sacred to sweet memories and sweeter hopes. A day when strife, malice, envy, and all evil are banished utterly from our hearts, when, for one day, good should fill men's breasts wholly. I think that is what those who are gone would wish.

But I fear there isn't very much reverence for the sacred, gentle emotions in us Americans. There isn't in us very much reverence for anything, I think, or else we should never turn a day set apart for visiting the graves of our dead friends into a Fourth of July. There *is* that which is absolutely shocking about the way Decoration Day is coming to be observed. I don't know how it is elsewhere, but here among us such an infernal hullabaloo was kept up all day that you couldn't hear your own ears. At break of day the demonish din began. With the very first peep of light, aye, before it, we were affrighted from our slumbers by a thundering shot-gun cannonade right under our very windows. We bolted out of bed as if we ourselves had been shot, wondering in our scared bewilderment, if a New York mob wasn't coming, or indeed whether Old Nick himself wasn't after us. The shot-gun cannonading increased as the morning wore on, every minute being nearer, clearer, deadlier than before. What on earth could it mean? And it was not for two full hours that I remembered, with a blush for my fellow countrymen, that it was the thirtieth of May—a day sacred to the memory of the blessed dead. Later on in the day, they had processions of policemen, secret societies, and brass bands of music, and processions of citizens in carriages, and ladies and citizens on foot, and the Mayor and Council, and wagon loads of young ones, and that sort of thing, for all the world like a Fourth of July. I don't particularly remember to have heard any popping of torpedoes or explosions of shooting crackers, but I haven't a doubt that next year they will go off lively, and I dare say fireworks will be added in the evening, and they will have special Decoration Day plays at the theatre, with dead soldiers in the show. It will be very nice, and just like the progressive spirit of Young America.

But the most sacrilegious feature, the most abominably disgusting feature about Decoration Day is that the office-seekers have turned it into a day for electioneering and the firing-off of their accursed political popgunnery. Some despicable ward politician,—and there never was a ward politician who wasn't despicable,—invariably gets hold of the occasion, and spouts his small buncombe at folks till they are sick. It is simply outrageous. The man who played cards on his grandmother's coffin was guilty of no greater desecration.

I wonder how the dead soldiers like it.

Every year thousands and thousands of dollars are spent on Decoration Day. It is a day for pomp and vanity and show. Foolish people vie with each other in the number and variety of costly flowers which they purchase, much the same as horse-fanciers seek to out-do each other in the matter of fast trotters. There has been money enough spent in this foolish rivalry to feed, clothe, and educate every destitute soldier's orphan in the land. And if departed souls ever can behold the scenes of this life again, I know that many and many a brave man who laid down his life for his country, looks sorrowfully upon the roses which garland his grave on Decoration Day. Because his fellow-countrymen and women cover his senseless clay with flowers, and leave the children whom he loved to become outcasts and street Arabs. It is really pitiful to remember how much some of the soldier's children have lost. And if the money which is thrown away every year on useless pomp and show, were spent to educate the orphan children, to train them to noble, virtuous lives, then our beloved soldiers' graves would be decked with immortal flowers, and Decoration Day would be crowned with garlands which would grow greener with each succeeding year. Again, I think that is what those who are gone would wish. ZIG.

AFTER ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Ross Alwin was walking up and down the veranda. Rosie Trevor was sitting in the shadow of a climbing rose, watching him.

He looked up and met her eyes.

"Pray tell me what you were thinking about," he said.

"I was wondering if Ethel Dane would add you to her list of conquests," she answered. "You know she is coming next week."

"I heard so," he answered. "I think you need not trouble yourself about me. If this Miss Dane is the coquette and flirt you say she is, I shall not trouble *myself* about *her*. I despise a coquette above all things."

"But perhaps you cannot *help* troubling yourself about her," said Miss Trevor, snipping off rose-buds from the bushes trailing down about her. "She's just the kind of a woman to make men get interested in her, whether they chose to be or not. She has only to lift those wonderful eyes of hers, or to smile bewitchingly upon her unsuspecting victim, and it's all over with him. He's conquered, completely."

"An uncommon specimen of the fair sex," laughed Alwin. "I have met one or two confirmed flirts in my day, but never one like your Miss Dane. According to your description she is irresistible, and we poor men stand no kind of a chance in trying to keep clear of her fascinations. We must surrender to her, willing or unwilling."

"Oh you'll be like all the rest, I presume," laughed Miss Trevor, "perfectly willing to get down and pay homage to this heartless specimen of humanity. You laugh, but that's what one of her victims calls her. I only quote his testimony, and he ought to have understood what he was talking about, because he had been through the mill. You ought to have seen how she tantalized that poor fellow. For three months she kept him in an agony of suspense. Sometimes she was cool as an iceberg, and distant—why, Greenland isn't farther off than she could make herself; then, all of a sudden, she'd thaw out, and be *so* charming. Just like a summer day, all warmth and sunshine, and the poor man would take courage, and get deeper in love than ever before, and think that *at last* he'd got the advantage of her, and, just as he went to make sure, the weather would turn suddenly cold, and she'd be the very personification of Greenland again. So she kept tantalizing him all summer long, and at last, when she got tired of him, she gave him the coolest kind of a dismissal, and sent him off about his business feeling about as much used up as if he'd been through the war and lost a limb or two. He didn't lose anything but his heart however, and I don't suppose the loss of that very small organ of masculine anatomy interfered much with his happiness. He felt terribly cut up, though, to think she had fooled him so completely. His vanity was hurt, you see, more than anything else."

"He must have been a weak brained fellow to let a woman sway him this way and that in the fashion you describe," said Alwin. "No woman could influence me like that. If she was so changeable I would have nothing to do with her. I like to see a person one day what he will be the next. I haven't any faith in these mercurial people who hop about from zero to blood-heat, you can't depend on them a whit more than you can the weather."

"I know that," answered Miss Trevor. "I don't suppose Miss Dane changes after that mercurial fashion only for the sake of tormenting the men. Just wait until you see her, and see what you think about her then."

The next week Ethel Dane came to Rosewild. A *petite* little thing, with two of the most innocent-looking eyes ever seen, and a face as apparently free from any coquettishness as a child's.

"The idea of *her* being a flirt," thought Alwin. "Why, she's as artless as a baby. I can read faces pretty well—and I don't believe she's capable of deliberately breaking a man's heart. They don't understand her, that's all."

And forthwith he fell in love with her.

The more he saw of her the more confident he became in his opinion of her artlessness. She had a trick of lifting her great brown eyes to his in such a frank, innocent way that he almost considered her, at such times, a child, and felt like taking her in his lap and kissing her in a fatherly kind of way. And then she would suddenly grow dignified and cool, and he would feel that after all it was not a child, but a woman he had to deal with; and occasionally he would resolve to be very careful and circumspect, and not get entangled too deeply in her fascinations. And, as a consequence of such resolution, he would keep aloof from her for awhile.

Then she would suddenly beam upon him like a May morning, and the frost of his reserve would vanish completely before her smiles and witcheries. He found it impossible to resist her when she tried her blandishments on him. It was the old story. She was a woman, and he a man, and the man was powerless to resist the woman's wiles.

"I can't believe that she is the flirt you would like to make me believe," he said to Miss Trevor one day when she had been rallying him on his fascination for Miss Dane. "She is as capricious as a child, and as full of wayward fancies. She has a faculty of attracting men, and because she cannot return the love which they give her unasked, they call her coquettish and a flirt."

"Wait and tell me your opinion by-and-by," said Miss Trevor, smiling. "You may have occasion to change your opinion."

"I don't know why people give me such a bad name," Miss Dane said to him not long after that. "They call me a flirt, you know, and accuse me of breaking men's hearts just for the sport of the thing. I think it's shameful. I haven't tried to win *your* heart, have I, Mr. Alwin?"

"Not that I am aware of," answered Mr. Alwin, but he knew that, whether she had tried or not, she *had* won it.

The days slipped by, and the end of the summer, and the end of Ross Alwin's dream drew near.

He was sure that she loved him. He could tell it by the shy uplifting of her wide, brown eyes, and the swift, rosy flushes which came and went on her fair, innocent-looking face, when his glance was on her.

Sometimes, still, she was distant and reserved, but he attributed it to her fear that he should think her a coquette. A more artless, winsome woman he had never known, he concluded, than this Ethel Dane, this odd combination of womanhood and childhood.

One day he met her in the hall.

"I am going away to-morrow," she said, dropping her eyes. "You'll be glad, won't you?"

"You know better than that," he answered. "I shall miss you as we miss the sunshine and the flowers."

"That's a pretty speech," she laughed. "Since you are in the sentimental mood, come in and sing with me. Just a song or two for the sake of old times, you know."

He followed her into the parlor.

She sat down at the piano and ran over a pretty little improvised prelude to an old song they had often sung together, and then they sang. His whole soul found utterance in the song:—

"Oh the summer time is ended;
They will come no more I know,
But I love thee! oh, I love thee?
And I cannot let thee go!"

"Ethel," he cried, "I can't let you go!" for I love you. Stay with me, darling."

"You are more sentimental than I ever knew you to be before," she said, smiling up into his eyes. "The sentimental mood is vastly becoming to you. You look—oh, you don't know *how* romantic you look."

"I am in earnest," he said; "don't misunderstand me, Ethel. I love you. You must have seen it all along. If I am not deceived you do care for me a little.

"*Are* you really in earnest?" she asked, lifting her eyes in well-feigned surprise. "I am sorry for you, if you are, because I am already engaged to one man, and I can't marry two, you know."

Ross Alwin turned away without another word. The dream was over. He had had a cruel awaking.

In the hall he met Miss Trevor. With a woman's ready insight she read in his face the fact which he would have concealed.

"I warned you," she said. "But you would not heed it."

"Don't!" he said, and passed her, his face very white. She pitied him, from the bottom of her heart.

"I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said to Miss Dane. "Alwin is such a fine man, so earnest about everything, and all that, that you might have let him alone, and left his faith in everybody's goodness unshaken. Ten chances to one if he has faith in anybody after this."

"I never asked him to love me," said Miss Dane, coolly. "If the men will persist in making fools of themselves, I can't see that I am very much to blame for it."

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

How very wise men think themselves,
Abusing modern girls,
And prating of the awful cost
Of feathers, gloves, and curls;
And bragging of old-fashioned maids,
And "dear old by-gone fashions!"
When women—if they tell us true—
Were kept on shortest rations.

And oh! my stars! what fools men are,
To think they can deceive us;
If they prefer the plain old style,
Why don't the donkeys leave us?
There must be some fair creatures still
Devoid of hoops and chignons,
Who scorning flounces, robe themselves
In dresses a-la-Mignon.

I've noticed this, my dear young man,
You're very fond of preaching;
But do you think a single girl
Will profit by your teaching—
While you, instead of following
The wisdom of your writing,
Devote yourself to stylish girls,
Their plainer sisters slighting?

And so unawed we'll follow still
The fashions new and nobby,
Just for the sake of helping you
Upon your cherished hobby;
But when you really want to see
A maid of ancient sample,
Pray give us the old-fashioned man—
We'll follow your example.

EDITH BOUTILER.

BRAIN ACTION.

What the phrenologists call faculties, and associate with definite and limited parts of the brain, is now better explained on the theory of different modes of action in which the whole cerebral system is implicated. This doctrine is of practical importance, for when there is injury by over-exertion, it is not merely some "organ" that is damaged, but the whole structure. All agree that thoughts too long and too intently fixed on one object weary the part of the brain so employed, and if we did not get relief by changing our occupation there is danger that this weariness may end in disease. There is a case of an English student who determined to commit to memory a certain number of Greek primitives every day. After persisting some time he found that, though competent to other study, this wearied him. Being a metaphysician, despising "materialism," ignoring the brain, and believing in the omnipotence of "will," he resolved not to be thus mastered, and persevered in spite of weariness; but in a short time delirium came on. He took the hint, laid aside the Greek, and recovered. In this case it was not merely the "organ" of memory for Greek words that failed by exhaustion from over-action, but there was derangement affecting the whole mental constitution. It was not that memory lost its grasp of certain lingual signs, but that all voluntary control of the intellectual operations were suspended, and the whole mental fabric overthrown.—*Galaxy.*

A TALENTED DOG.

Future published collections of anecdotes of noted dogs must not fail to contain a notice of Napoleon—a canine celebrity who has lately died at San Francisco. He was connected with a circus, and is said to have been an intelligent and enthusiastic admirer of the performances. In the course of his career he saved three persons from drowning. His travels with the company carried him through all parts of the State. Among other evidences of intelligence manifested was his resort to cold-water cure for fits, to which he was subject, resulting from precipitation of blood to his overwrought brain. He became his own physician, and instead of resorting, as men similarly afflicted sometimes do, to stimulating drinks, which aggravate their malady, he tried cold water. Whenever he felt an attack coming on, Napoleon would start for a bucket of water or a trough, plunge his head into the water, and hold it there as long as he could hold his breath. This generally had the effect which he desired. But in the last attack the remedy failed him, and he succumbed, and died at the ripe age of twenty-three, and was quite pompously buried, with the honors of a funeral biography, read in the presence of a little crowd of his old friends, and a wreath of flowers on his grave.

A GUIDE TO PHILADELPHIA, giving a regular route to each place of interest, in their order, has long been desired, both by strangers as well as by residents. A *Bijou* work, describing every point worth visiting in Philadelphia, has just been issued by Howard Challen, 531 Minor street, and is furnished gratuitously to all who may desire it.

AN UNWILLING HUG.—A comical passage appears in a letter from Rev. J. P. Newman to the Methodist, describing the voyage of the United States steamer Congress to and from Greenland. Dr. Newman says, "On our homeward voyage, two seamen were reproached for fighting, and they were sentenced to hug each other for four hours, with a sentry over them, to see that they did it affectionately."

☞ A Connecticut young lady's bad spelling led to a $6500 breach of promise suit.

PERSONAL.

AT Vienna, Patti had upwards of 300 bouquets, together with jewels, thrown to her after her performance of "Traviata."

THE Empress Eugenie has been suffering for some time past from a painful inflammation of the facial glands. Her physicians think she will have to undergo an operation that may disfigure her countenance for life.

SPOTTED TAIL having been persuaded that the English equivalent for his name is "Dolly Varden," has consented to be (ad)-dressed accordingly.

FOLLOWING the example of most prime donne, Miss Laura Harris, one of the United States prime, now singing in Lisbon, is about to marry a nobleman—a Portuguese nobleman—with a pedigree going well back to the Flood.

RIMMEL, the celebrated perfumer of London, Paris, Berlin, and Brussels, has opened a branch store at Long Branch for the sale of his popular perfumes.

EIGHTY thousand dollars was the fortune left to his daughters by the late headsman of Paris. He was regarded as an artist in decapitation.

MR. EDWIN FORREST has quite recovered his usual degree of health, and is at home in Philadelphia.

IN his recent trip to the Yosemite Valley, Bierstadt, the artist, had a rencontre with a lynx, which he felled to the earth with a club, leaving his death to be accomplished by his dog.

THE many friends and admirers of Mr. Joseph Jefferson will be relieved to know that the surgical operation to which he submitted, to save his eyes, was completely successful. The last report from Hohokus, where Mr. Jefferson is living, gives great hope that he and those who love him will be spared the calamity which threatened them in his impending blindness.

THE remains of Mazzini have been exhumed in Genoa, and are at present in the *atelier* of Signor Gorini, undergoing the process of embalming, or, rather, of petrifaction.

A LONDON exchange says:—"Mlle. Kellogg, as we have already mentioned, has, since her former appearance in England, made a decided step in advance. Her voice has gained in volume, and she sings with increased dramatic expression. It is a very trying thing to appear at one of our London opera houses as Lucia, not only because such artists as Mme. Adelina Patti and Mlle. Nilsson have rendered that part exceptionally difficult for all successors not of the very highest talent, but also because most persons are getting rather tired of 'Lucia.' Lucia's mild delirium, however, represented by an artist of such eminent talent as Mlle. Kellogg, is always touching; and Mlle. Kellogg's 'mad scene' was, as might have been expected, attended with the greatest success."

MISS NILSSON'S reappearance at the Drury-lane Theatre is thus referred to in the London Daily News of May 29:—"The brilliant audience which filled Drury-lane Theatre last night must have been reminded of one memorable evening in the season of 1867, when a young Swedish artist, who had acquired some reputation in Paris, appeared for the first time at the 'Old House in the Haymarket.' Comparatively little was then known of Christine Nilsson, and scarcely more interest was felt in her debut than in that of many candidates for favors destined never to be won. Mlle. Nilsson, in fact, was on her trial; and the verdict of warm and unanimous approval, so quickly granted, owed nothing to antecedent circumstances. Between her debut in 1867 and her reappearance last night, after nearly two years' absence in America, what a contrast existed. The part played on both occasions—Violetta in 'La Traviata'—was the same; but the second Violetta stepped upon the stage to receive a thunderous welcome, and to achieve a foreknown triumph. Reference has been made to Mlle. Nilsson's welcome, and there is every reason to believe that, had the fascinating artiste shown a material falling-off from previous excellence, our generous British public—than which no public is more faithful—would have treated her as not less a heroine. But the 'Libiamo' at once proved that no such falling off was there, while the scene with which the first act closes enabled Mlle. Nilsson to re-establish herself even in the estimation of those who may till then have doubted. Not that change was wholly absent. The artiste's voice, for example, appeared to have lost somewhat of the brightness as well as of the compass which at first distinguished its higher register, and plainly suggested the effects of hard work. But in every other respect change seemed to be for the better. The middle and lower notes of Mlle. Nilsson's voice have undoubtedly gained in volume and sympathetic quality; while a delicious *mezza voce* is still hers in perfection. As an actress not less than as a singer was improvement evident. Signs of coldness or restraint, which once may have been apparent in Mlle. Nilsson's stage demeanor, have entirely vanished, and no artiste from the fiery South could now present a more passionate Violetta than this native of the frigid North. The first act sufficed to prove what we have said, and the curtain fell after *Sempre libera* upon a success rare indeed, if estimated by the demonstrations that attended it. Three times was Mlle. Nilsson summoned before the curtain amid shouts of applause and a rain of bouquets, a like scene taking place at the close of each act, till it appeared as though the voices of the shouters were silent only through hoarseness, and the storm of flowers ceased only through the emptiness of the neighboring market. It would serve little purpose to follow Mlle. Nilsson through an opera so familiar as 'La Traviata.' Enough that she made every point as it came with unfailing success, and was most effective in the distressful climax. The death of Violetta could not have been represented with greater power, or produced a deeper impression."

WORDS OF ADVICE.

Dr. Benjamin Rush says: "The duration of life does not appear to depend so much upon the strength of the body, or upon the quantity of its excitability, as upon an exact accommodation of stimuli to each of them. A watch spring will last as long as an anchor, provided the forces which are capable of destroying both are always in an exact ratio to their strength." This golden thought is commended to those who make no effort to control their temper. Every time you let your angry passions rise, gentlemen, you overtask or strain the forces so nicely organized to carry you far down the green slope of green old age. The violent and irregular action of the passions tends to wear away the springs of life.

THE AMERICAN BISON is rapidly disappearing from the western plains. These animals at one time were to be found everywhere west of the Hudson river, but they have for many years been extinct in the regions east of the Mississippi river. As the bison are driven into narrower limits their destruction becomes greater, and it is highly probable that this animal within the next thirty years will become entirely extinct. As a proof of the wholesale slaughter of the bison, it may be stated, that during last May twenty-five thousand of these animals were killed south of the Kansas Pacific Railroad for the sake of their sides alone, which were sold at two dollars each for shipment to the East. In addition, it is estimated that about five thousand bisons were killed by the Indians to supply the people on the frontier with meat, so that at least thirty thousand bisons have been killed in one month in the southwestern territories.

STEAM-POWER.

Book and Job Printing

Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Books, Catalogues, Briefs of Titles, Bill-Heads, Statements, Circulars, Checks, Pamphlets, Paper Books,

AND

ALL OTHER PRINTING.

Apply personally or by letter to

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 Walnut Street.

Or at the Printing Office in the rear, Nos. 108 & 110 Hudson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DO THE DEAD HEAR?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Do the dead hear us whenever we call?
Answer me, darling, if you can hear
Under the grass that covers you over,
Rank with the new life of the year.

Answer, darling, I long to know:
Often you told me, if you were dead
And lying under the sods and daisies,
You would answer the words I said.

Speak to me, love, and tell me now
All the secrets of death and life:
Are you cold, with the grass growing over,
That shuts your dwelling away from strife?

Are you lonely, darling? I pray you speak.
I am listening, love, your words to hear.
Does your dead heart yearn for the dear old voices?
Do you know, oh darling, that I am near?

You do not answer. I half believe
That the dead hear never the living's call;
Folded about with rest and quiet,
They sleep as the flowers sleep in Fall.

When the Spring of new life shall come,
They will hear us and heed us, no longer dumb.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PART FOURTH.

"O thou that sendest out the man,
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine,
Who wrench'd their rights from thee."
—Tennyson.

Nearly five years had passed since the death of Major André. The war was over. The "Triumph"—appropriate name—had arrived at Philadelphia, bringing letters from Lafayette to the President of Congress, informing him that a Treaty of Peace had been signed at Paris. And on the 19th of April, 1783—precisely eight years after the opening of the conflict at Lexington—Washington proclaimed the Cessation of Hostilities in the General Orders to his faithful Army.

The war therefore had been over for more than two years. In fact it had really been over since the surrender of Cornwallis in the Autumn of 1781. That, and Greene's successes in the Carolinas, had turned the scales against the British. As we have said before, both parties were tired out, and a great reverse to either was enough to settle the contest against the loser.

Helen Graham did not die—though she lay at the point of death for many weeks, and did not recover sufficiently to return to Philadelphia, until the ensuing Spring.

We have said that she did not die, but we feel like amending the expression. The beautiful, serene lady, with shining masses of silvery hair, who came back to Philadelphia, could hardly be called the Helen Graham that is known to our readers. That was an ardent, impulsive, proud, passionate, and wayward girl—this was a quiet, composed, and unexcitable, though also, in her different way, lovely woman. There seemed to be a mystery in the change, which puzzled all her friends—her sister more than all. It was as if she had been transformed—or else that she had lost some portion of her original essence and spirit, in those cruel days of pain, and that the remaining and quieter elements of her character had crystalized into a new form, which shone with a milder radiance.

At the declaration of peace, Pemberton and Isabella had been married, with the full approbation of Colonel Musgrave, who after attending the wedding, had sailed with his regiment for England. They were still living with Mrs. Pemberton as before, and Helen, as a matter of course, resided with them.

Captain Morris, upon the cessation of hostilities, had entered into a partnership with Pemberton, for the carrying on of a mercantile business in Philadelphia. He was the active business man of the firm; Pemberton furnishing the greater part of the capital, and devoting a good deal of his time to his favorite studies. The times were happily "slower" then than now, and it did not need that a man should give himself entirely up to his business—body, soul and spirit—or else run a great risk of becoming a bankrupt. That fierceness of competition, which spares neither the man himself, nor his dearest friends—which immolates whatever stands in its way, unhesitatingly and unscrupulously, on the shrine of Mammon, and then takes its seat on Sunday in the high places of the Church, and even perhaps "runs" a church of its own—had not yet become one of the distinguishing features of our American city life. Men were then industrious in their business, and being also moderate in their desires, and economical in their expenditures, had time to think of something else than the mere adding of dollar to dollar.

Captain Morris was a frequent, a very frequent visitor of the Pembertons. The hospitable mansion of his friend, with its pleasant grounds, extending to the line of Dock creek, was a pleasant place for any one to visit. And knowing the whole family so well, and moreover being a cousin, the gallant captain always felt perfectly at home. He was not there perhaps every evening—but his visits were certainly oftener than every other evening; and he walked in as naturally, and hung up his hat, without asking for any one in particular, as we all probably have enjoyed doing at some happy period of our lives, when fortune for a time has smiled propitiously upon us, and placed us in relation to some delightful family on a footing of the most intimate friendship.

Helen always received him with the greatest cordiality on such occasions—but in her serene and composed way, and without the least embarrassment. If the outside world said, and Arthur and Isabella thought, that Philip was still as enamoured as ever, Helen never seemed to know or care. She treated him with the kindness and familiarity which she would have shown to a brother; and, either remembering and respecting her sad past, or else calmed and quieted by her masterly manner, Morris never breathed a word—scarcely gave a look—which would convey the impression that he felt still the old, determined passion.

Other suitors, and avowed ones, however, Helen had had—and some that would persist in their suit, notwithstanding the intimations of her manner, until they received in words the fatal negative. One of them, a Colonel Avery, only a few days before the time of which we are speaking, had opened his heart to Morris, as to a friend of both parties, and asked him whether he thought it would be safe to venture a proposal. Morris felt the awkwardness of his own position, but replied—

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,' you know, Colonel. I must confess I think your chance is a doubtful one; but you cannot be more than refused—and that in the sweetest and most ladylike manner."

What the issue had been, or whether the Colonel had really put the matter to the test, Morris did not know—but during the whole of the next week, he never met the Colonel at the Pemberton mansion.

This was June. And on a beautiful sunny afternoon, the next Sunday but one after the counsel given to the Colonel, Helen and himself had strolled out into the grounds, and taken a seat on a shaded bench near the outer line of the garden. Ah, for the ravages of time! Where that bench stood, is now neither garden, nor lofty buttonwoods, nor visible creek. There the money-changer, high-priest of Mammon, sits and arranges his subtle plans; and all around, the "bulls" and "bears"—more savage than those of the fields and the wilderness—toss and tear each other.

At a pause of the conversation, Morris looked up and said, "I have not seen Colonel Avery here lately."

"No," replied Helen, while a slight glow came into her usually clear, white cheeks, "I believe he has started on a trip Northward."

"He asked my advice about a week ago, upon a certain matter, and I told him that 'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" continued Morris with a smile.

The glow deepened a little upon Helen's face. "You did wrong, my friend. You ought to have known that my days of love were over."

"I suppose I ought," rejoined Morris, a little bitterly; "but, you see, it is a hard lesson for me to learn."

Helen turned her eyes full upon his face. "The girl perished that you loved, Philip; and it was well, for she could never have returned your love." She spoke in the kindest and gentlest of voices.

"The girl that I loved did not perish; and the woman I love still lives—as beautiful and precious to me, this day, as ever!" exclaimed Morris passionately, but rather avoiding the mild blue eyes bent serenely upon him.

"Oh, Philip, my poor boy!" she said, with more emotion than she had hitherto shown; "such warm love as yours deserves true love in return. Philip, I am not capable of loving. All that was so fervent and passionate in my nature, went out from me that awful day. I am a marvel now to myself. I picked up an old letter not long since—one written, but not sent, for want of a messenger—and read it all over. It sounded so strangely to me! I said to myself—can I be the Helen Graham whose name is signed to those burning words? I do not think I could write such a letter now—to any one, not even to him, should he come back again to life. No, Philip, Helen Graham—all that was glorious and precious about her, is dead! This is the mere case which held the finer spirit."

"I know you are greatly changed, Helen. How could it be otherwise?" replied Morris, in tones that quivered with the excess of his emotion, now breaking forth anew after those years of constant repression. "But you are still to me the Helen Graham to whom I declared my boyish passion at the Mischianza. Or, if not the same Helen, an even nobler and more seraphic one. It is you, as you are, Helen, whom I love—and I shall never love any other woman."

"Poor, foolish boy!" rejoined Helen, as she pityingly smoothed with her white hand the hair over his forehead, apparently unconscious how he thrilled beneath her cool, calm touch. "And would you, Philip, marry a woman who says she does not love you—one who, as she is now, could not love any one?"

"I would marry you, Helen—this moment. I love you, and, as you know, always have loved you. I have love enough for both, Helen."

"If I thought it would be right—and that it would be acting fairly towards you," and Helen paused. She was evidently considering the matter. There was no embarrassment in her voice, and her calm, affectionate eyes did not avoid the ardent glances of the passionate soul which looked out of the eyes of her companion.

"Oh, Helen, my only love, say yes, and make me happy!" whispered Morris, in the delirium of his unexpected bliss. "I know you love me more than any other man in this wide world. If not, why have you refused those others?"

"Of course, Philip, I should not think for a moment of marrying any living man but you," replied Helen, in a composed but affectionate tone. "I always did like you greatly, Philip. And if I marry you, it will be because I like you, and value your happiness so much—and because you are so foolish as to think so highly of me. But, if I do marry you, Philip, and you get tired of me, and think you have made a great mistake, I shall not blame you in the least, my friend."

"If I do, just take one of my pistols, and blow my silly brains out," exclaimed Morris, in high rapture. "Oh, Helen, my pearl of great price, you cannot imagine how happy you have made me!" And Morris, for the first time in his life, put his arm around the woman he had always loved so madly, and kissed her ripe red lips.

A rather deeper tint came upon Helen's cheeks, but she not only allowed, but returned the kiss. Then she said:—

"One thing I can promise you, Philip; that I will be a faithful and affectionate wife to you—careful of you and your interests in all things. If I cannot love you, as you deserve to be loved, I can at least honor and obey as well, and I think a little better, than almost any other woman you would be apt to meet." Helen said this in a low, sweet, earnest tone that was enchanting to Morris, whatever it might have been to a more exacting lover.

"I know you will make a perfect wife—for you are a perfect woman!" exclaimed he, devotedly, looking upon her with rapture, as if from the heights of Paradise. "I always said I intended to marry you, Helen, from the first day I saw you, when you saved my life at Germantown—you, and no one else—and in spite of all obstacles—and now, you see, my words are coming true."

Helen smiled sweetly, and rising they took their way back to the house. And there was such a triumphant expression on Philip's face when they entered the parlor, and such a soft, sweet look in Helen's eyes, that Isabella shot a meaning glance over to her husband, and then rose and kissed her sister on both cheeks.

"Philip has been asking me to do a very foolish thing," said she, in answer, with a smile.

"I am glad that you consented, Helen," replied Isabella. "There is no other man in the world I would like to give you to—and Philip could not be happy with any other woman. He will wear you like a wondrous pearl, *ma belle Helene*."

And so Helen and Philip, in the course of the ensuing Autumn, were married. At Helen's request it was a very quiet wedding, and Morris, man-like, cared but little, now he had secured the bride he wished, whether the marriage knot was tied in the presence of ten or of ten thousand beholders. Helen was dressed beautifully but not showily—and she smilingly said when they came to arrange her hair, that it was already powdered.

But never has a more beautiful bride given away her hand in marriage, even in her own city of fair women. And the beautiful coils of her silvery hair were not the smallest of her charms—they seemed so in harmony with the fair white cheeks, and the serene brow, while they added depth and lustre to her calm violet eyes.

As for Morris, he looked the very image of what a bridegroom should be—full of life and ardour, and all glowing with the fervour of manhood's love. This was the day of days for him—and he felt every inch of him a King; for was he not to wed his Queen?

And these two, as also Pemberton and Isabella, lived thenceforth a happy life—till death did them part—in our own goodly city of Philadelphia. And they had sons and daughters, to rise up and call them blessed. And Morris never regretted that he had married where he was not deeply loved—for, as he had said, he had love enough for both. And in the serene and beautiful woman who was a perpetual fountain of sweetness to all around her, he recognized what was to him the very highest ideal of a perfect womanhood.

Pemberton also was fully satisfied—for he too had found his ideal woman. A nobler woman than Isabella Pemberton, never drew the breath of life. As compared with her sister, she was now the more impassioned of the two. And such was necessary to satisfy the heart of Pemberton, who, in one sense, had not enough love for both. He pleased Isabella the better because he had not. She was a glorious creature; and Pemberton, as he was, with his deficiencies as well as his superiorities, filled her eye. She would not have altered him, nor he her, one jot or tittle. Even when their years increased, and Time began to make his changes, they would not have had it otherwise. Such as theirs are the marriages which are made in Heaven!

CONCLUSION.

MONUMENT TO MAJOR ANDRE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It only remains to add a few lines of information and elucidation, and then we shall conclude this little history.

The Sibyl's prediction as to Westminster Abbey came true. When the sad news of Major André's death reached England, the greatest sorrow and sympathy were manifested. The latter found expression in many ways. The King instantly ordered a thousand guineas from the privy purse to be given to André's mother, and an annual pension of £300 to be settled on her for life, and afterwards to be paid to her children. And a Baronetcy was conferred upon his brother, Captain William Lewis André, of the 26th Regiment, and upon his heirs male forever.

In addition to the above substantial proofs of a nation's sympathy, a stately cenotaph was erected, and now stands in Westminster Abbey. It is of statuary marble, and on a panel is to be read the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Major John André, who, raised by his merit, at an early period of his life, to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British Forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and Country, on the 2d of October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious Sovereign, King George III., has caused this monument to be erected."

Forty-one years afterwards, the remains of John André, including a few locks of the once beautiful hair, were disinterred by the order of the Duke of York, at the suggestion of Mr. Buchanan, the British consul, from the lonely grave at Tappan, and placed in a costly sarcophagus, hung with black and crimson, for removal to England. Amid the deep sympathy of his former foes, all that remained of the once glorious face and form, was gathered tenderly together—and the faces of men grew sad, as they thought over the old story, and fair women sent garlands to decorate the bier. And thus, with all honor, and due solemnity, the bones of one of England's most accomplished and chivalric sons were borne home, and deposited near his monument, in that shrine sacred to the memory of her departed greatness and glory.

But though the prediction thus came true, apparently in all its features, as to André, it evidently failed, so far as it went—at least in details—as to Helen. It is not our part to account for this, but only to state the facts

As to Madame Dumont herself, she left America soon after the war, and sailed for Europe. In Paris she found a wider field for her art, and a more congenial atmosphere. There, under another name, she startled thousands, and even titled personages and crowned heads, with the marvellous magnetism of her presence, and the wonderful accuracy of many of her predictions.

It may be that some of our readers feel an interest in knowing what became of Captain Fanny. The reckless Captain, under the name and in the masculine dress of Captain Francis Malone, took no small share of glory to himself for the part which he—and his twin-sister Fanny, he said—had taken in obtaining information for the American commanders during the war. Fanny, he alleged, had died about the conclusion of hostilities. Of course, there really had been no such twin-sister; but it answered the Captain's purposes to invent a personage of this character, who could bear some suspicions and inquiries that might perhaps be a little troublesome to himself.

Helen was deceived entirely, and for all her life, by this adroit imposture. Captain Fanny and Captain Francis were, to her mind, two persons; and she was well pleased, as the Captain intended she should be, in thinking this.

As the years went on, the Captain became a famous politician—caring no more, however, for the "great principles" which divided parties, than he had formerly cared for those which divided rebel and tory. In truth, it seemed to him the very height of the ridiculous, that the same men who had once been banded together as rebels, should afterwards be nearly as bitter against each other as they had been against the common foe. This was a standing joke with the Captain, whenever it was safe to utter it; and confirmed him in his opinion of the utter folly of having any principles at all, save those which added to the holder's comfort. The Captain therefore was first an ardent Federalist, and afterwards an equally ardent Anti-Federalist—never getting on the losing side, except when he made a mistake; and having a most wonderful sagacity, the result of his perfect coolness, as to the current of the popular opinion. So the Captain, on the strength of his many patriotic services during the war, and his apparent devotion to the winning side, became first a Justice of the Peace, then a member of the City Councils, and finally a Representative in the State Legislature. That was about as high as such a man could get in those aristocratic times; but if he had lived now-a-days, he doubtless would have gone on until he became a member of Congress, a Governor, and possibly a Senator of the United States.

A few words more—relative to Benedict Arnold—and we must conclude. Arnold did not obtain the high rewards for which he had bargained, and doubtless would have received in case of his success. He was made however a Brigadier General in the British service, and received besides the sum of seven thousand pounds.

Small pay this, however, for the curses heaped upon him by his indignant countrymen. His name became a word of loathing to them. Probably no man was ever more bitterly and generally hated by the country which gave him birth. Secret plans were set on foot to entrap him. And orders were given, in case of his capture, to hang him at once, and without a trial—orders which would have been rigorously and eagerly followed.

The knowledge of these things, or the failure of his great schemes, acting on the natural sternness and severity of his character, made him fierce and cruel. He headed predatory expeditions against his old friends, and ravaged the coast even of his native State with fire and sword. Thousands would have delighted to shoot him, and yet, while exposing himself on these adventures, he seemed to bear a charmed life. Neither secret wile nor open warfare touched him.

He went to England, and was received with honor by the King, as a repentant subject, who had done the State some service, and would have done it more. But the execration which follows Treason—especially when it is allied with Failure—attended him, more or less, shouting or whispering its detestation, wherever his footsteps trod. Perhaps he derived some consolation amid the bitterness which thus always accompanied him, from the steadfast affection of his young and lovely wife, who seems to have been kept in entire ignorance of his projected treason, but who joined him afterwards in New York, and while he lived, continued faithful to him and to his fortunes.

Tradition says—we know not how truly—something like this. When the last days of Arnold approached, the enfeebled but still stern old man seemed to grow restless and unquiet, as if he missed something that was dear to his heart. At length, on the last day of his eventful and stormy life, when the final hour seemed to be drawing near, he bade them bring him the old and faded blue-and-buff uniform which he had worn when a Major General in the Continental service. Smiling grimly when he saw it, he dragged himself from his bed, and mustered up strength sufficient to array his wasted frame in the old, rejected garb. There he was again, a Major General of his country, with the blade which he had so effectively wielded in her cause on so many hard-fought fields, girded once more by his side. Drawing himself up for a moment to his full height, the dying General forgot his treason, and waving his sword in his hand, as he so often had waved it in the heat of battle, he shouted, "*On, my brave fellows!*" and fell at full length, dead, on the couch before him. If this tradition be true, it may mingle with the memories of his early and heroic services, and lead a forgiving country to drop a tear even over the follies and the crime of Benedict Arnold.

THE POET LAUREATE.

The poet laureate is literally a poet officially crowned with laurel. The custom of thus crowning poets is very ancient, and originated apparently with the Greeks, who honored the poets successful in musical contests with a laurel crown. The Romans copied the custom during the empire. It was revived in the twelfth century by the Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., who first bestowed the title. The first poet laureate of much distinction was Petrarch, in the fourteenth century. Tasso died just as the honor was about to be conferred on him. Chaucer is reputed to have been the first poet laureate of England, the title having been conferred on him in 1367 by Edward III. Spenser was known as the laureate of Queen Elizabeth; though this laureateship seems to have been rather a vague affair until James I., in 1630, conferred the title on Ben Jonson by patent, with a salary of £100 a year and a tierce of Canary wine, from which time to the present there has been a regular succession of laureates, as follows: Ben Jonson, William Davenant, John Dryden, Thomas Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Lawrence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson. It was originally the custom for the poet laureate to write annual odes in return for the honor, but this was suspended at the derangement of George III., since when the incumbents have written only when and what they chose.

The Latest Plan to Eradicate Mormonism.

The Rev. Mr. Pierce, a Methodist minister, lectured in Syracuse a short time ago, on Utah and Mormonism. This simple-minded preacher has solved a problem over which our statesmen have puzzled their brains for years without avail. He has discovered how polygamy may be eradicated. The plan of Mr. Pierce is to introduce into the Territory vast quantities of fashionable millinery goods, and induce the Gentile women there to come out in gorgeous style. The consequence will be such a competition on the part of the Mormon sisterhood, and such heavy bills for finery, that the saints will not be able to stand the pressure. No ordinary Mormon household, it is believed, can be supplied with fashionable bonnets without bringing the chief thereof to ruin. So, in common prudence, the custom of maintaining a plurality of wives, and the raising of an unusual number of daughters, will have to be abandoned. Think of a man with six wives and eighteen daughters fitting each with the latest "lovely things" in millinery as fast as they appear! We second Brother Pierce's motion. Gentiles hereabouts find it difficult to pay for all the Dolly Vardens, etc., for one dear creature.

☞ A man in Essex county, Massachusetts recently dug his own grave, because he wanted to be buried beside a friend, and feared his relations would not attend to his wishes.

MR. ROSSLEIGH'S BRIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

A new and brilliant star, society had received her most graciously, pronouncing her not only singularly and commandingly beautiful, but also rich, witty and accomplished. Nevertheless society treacherously whispered that nothing could be learned of her antecedents, and forthwith proceeded to base upon the fact conclusions which might have been more charitable. But when Mr. Rossleigh quietly wooed and made her his wife, society was aghast, and sundry predictions of evil were added to the defamations.

All this I knew when his daughter Adelaide, my dearest friend, sent for me; but knowing also that society may err, I started on my journey quite willing to be captivated by the bride.

"She is perfection!" I exclaimed enthusiastically as Adelaide and I stood tête-à-tête in our bed-chamber the night of my arrival. "And how fond she seems of you already. Certainly you will learn to love her. Why, she set me half wild with her fragrant breath and the delicate touch of faultless, rose-red lips! And that lovely hair!"

I knew that Adelaide had been violently opposed to the marriage, but I was scarcely prepared for the startling vehemence of her half-whispered reply.

"She is a snake! A brilliant, wily snake, fascinating as hateful! I shrink from her eyes and shudder under her endearments. Ah, if mamma had only lived, or—or Paul!" Then catching my hands she half-sobbed: "Clemence, Paul's death nearly broke my heart; but I have had a sweet comfort since she came. He is always with me now, Clemence! Though unseen by my material eyes, his presence is as real to me as yours at this moment, and I am inexpressibly sustained."

Her last words answered by a few expressions of sympathy, I said:

"Do you speak advisedly of Mrs. Rossleigh, Adelaide? Your father is a man of the keenest discernment, and he appears to be supremely happy."

"I speak from my intuitions, Clemence, and they tell me what I could wish untrue—that she is bad, intrinsically bad. So bad that I would not consider my life or another's safe for a moment should she desire it ended."

I was on the point of remonstrating against this harsh declaration, when I was struck dumb by Mrs. Rossleigh's musical voice exclaiming behind us:

"Of whom *are* you speaking, dearest Adelaide?" continuing as she drew near the table from which we had nervously turned to face her, "I caught your last words in an indistinct way, and they quite shocked me with their suggestions of—murder."

And it seemed, indeed, that she spoke truly, for she faltered over that last word. I noticed also that the damask of her cheek was cooler than I had yet seen it; but her next words explained that. Apparently unobservant of our embarrassed silence, she continued:

"You must pardon my intrusion. I tapped at the door several times, and failing to gain a response ventured in, as both light and voices told me you had not yet retired." Then addressing herself particularly to Adelaide, she said, winningly: "Dearest, I came to beg your vinaigrette. Will you be good enough to lend it me? I mislaid mine this morning, and my head is aching frightfully."

Courteously assenting, Adelaide proceeded to the other end of the apartment, while I, still a little embarrassed, silently watched the two jeweled hands smoothing the slightly corrugated brow. An immense opal ring with a blazing circlet of diamonds had so riveted my curious gaze and thoughts, that I was almost startled when she suddenly removed her hands and fixed the full splendor of her beautiful eyes upon me. I was wholly so when the next instant she came close to me and caught my brown face between her two palms, and gazed shudderingly down upon it. I had barely begun to marvel at the breathless intensity of the gaze when her hands dropped, and she moved a pace backward, murmuring apologetically:

"I hoped to convince myself that I was mistaken in fancying you much like one I once knew."

It was said with smiling lips and eyes, but I observed that a quick shudder stirred the flossy yellow hair straying in loose waves over her dressing gown, and I asked curiously:

"And what is your decision?"

"You are marvellously like him," she answered almost sharply, as she moved toward Adelaide, who was approaching with the vinaigrette in her hand. A few graceful thanks, a charming good-night, and we were again alone.

As the door closed Adelaide dropped her eyes to the floor, pressing a finger thoughtfully against her forehead. Impatient at her continued silence, I spoke:

"Well, what is it?"

She looked up, the absent expression still in her eyes.

"Can you imagine what brought her?" she asked.

"Certainly," I answered in surprise, "the vinaigrette."

"The vinaigrette! Nonsense! She has a dozen of them. Rest assured my stepmamma had a more important errand at heart. I wish I could fathom it," she concluded uneasily as she tossed bracelets and brooch on the dressing-table.

"Perhaps," I laughed, "she came to inspect my brown skin."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, eagerly fixing her eyes upon my face. I recollect now that I heard her speaking of your resemblance to some one."

I described the scene which had escaped her notice. Her comment was:—

"That Mrs. Rossleigh would, on occasion, play the part of eaves-dropper I do not doubt; but that random speech of yours impresses me somewhat. I recall very vividly the evident emotion with which she received you, and also my suspicion that the kiss you valued so highly was meant to conceal her pallor. I might, however have forgotten the whole thing, but for her inopportune visit."

"Do you suppose she heard, or rather understood?" I asked uneasily.

"Undoubtedly."

"Then she is a consummate actress."

"Think nothing else. My perceptions are fine, and I have studied conscientiously since the day she crossed my path."

I was silently weighing her last remark when she resumed:

"I am curious about this individual to whom she likens you, Clemence, for your dark little face is a most unique one I conceive. Trust it could bear a resemblance to any but poor Paul Vorhee's has never seemed possible to me, and with him she had no acquaintance or I would have known it."

Mrs. Rossleigh, or something else, weighed heavily upon me that night. While Adelaide calmly slept, I lay hour after hour gazing about the moon-lit room; a strange, overpowering sense of some impending calamity oppressing me with nightmare horror. And when I at last fell asleep I fancied myself suffocating under the golden weight of Mrs. Rossleigh's beautiful hair, that her eyes were burning the life from my soul, and her breath destroying me with a heavy tuberose fragrance.

A violent start shook me clear of the dream, and I awoke to find the moon shining full in my face, and to imagine that the faint tuberose perfume really existed. Smiling at the vagaries her kisses had induced, I raised myself on my elbow, and lifted a hand to loosen the bed drapery. As I did so, my eye was caught by that which fascinated it to the centre of the room. Instantly a breathless terror seized me, notwithstanding I knew well that it was Mrs. Rossleigh's slender bare feet that fell so noiselessly on the matted floor. Though her back was toward me, the long golden hair sweeping over her night dress left no room for doubt on that point.

Nervously depressed as I was, I would have found it sufficiently terrifying to awaken in the dead silence of the night to the sight of Mrs. Rossleigh stealing like a criminal from our room. But there was more. Mrs. Rossleigh was not alone. A figure, moving stealthily as she, followed her and one which by no stretch of the imagination could be converted into her husband's splendidly massive form.

For what purpose did that tall, slight, elegant looking man creep so stealthily after her? Who was he? To whom did I trace a resemblance in the head's fine contour? What had he to do with Mrs. Rossleigh? And why were they in our bed-chamber? No answer came to these questions tearing lightning-like through my brain, and while tortured by a dozen similar ones, my visitors vanished through the door-way. I wished to follow, but a deathly weakness forbade, and nestling close to Adelaide, who had slept undisturbed, I passed the remainder of the night in a sleepless watch upon the door.

In accordance with a determination to be for a time my own counsel, I observed a rigid silence on the event of the night. But I will venture to assert that no detective ever displayed more wit and wisdom than I during the ensuing day, nor, I may add, with less success. Mrs. Rossleigh's panoply of self-possession was impenetrable. But one thing rewarded my vigilance, and that, the earnest, half-fearful gaze with which I several times detected her scanning my face. Calm, beautiful, and charming, it seemed incredible that she had been one of my secret midnight visitors.

I sought my pillow, however, determined to keep a strict watch throughout the night, and with this purpose in view swept all the window-curtains wide apart in order to secure the full benefit of the moon. But hour after hour lagged by, and no one appeared, and I was about to decide that my loss of sleep had been for naught, when the door noiselessly opened and Mrs. Rossleigh entered.

She hesitated a moment, and then, slowly and on tip-toe, crossed the room toward my side. There was something frightfully terrifying to me in these nocturnal visits, and half paralyzed I watched under partially closed eyelids her cautious approach. As she drew near I was struck by the singular expression of her wide-open eyes, and the next moment comprehended that she was in a somnambulic state. The idea that I must be intensely on her mind had barely presented itself when she reached my side, and with knitted brows bent over me, whispering in broken sentences:

"Yes, she is like him—too much like him—and she must follow him or I shall go mad! No, the opal ring tells no tales, and flowers as sweet as tuberoses blow."

And even as the last words shudderingly passed her lips a faint tuberose perfume became distinctly perceptible. But I had no time to speculate on the singularity of the fact, my horrified thoughts and eyes being fully occupied with a misty column which I had the instant previous observed rising directly behind her, and which was rapidly assuming the distinct outlines of a man—the same man, I soon found, that had so cautiously followed her the preceding night. In speechless terror I watched the growing transparency of the mist still concealing his features; but ere it had cleared away they both turned and, as on the preceding night, crept stealthily from the room.

I rose next morning oppressed and worn. A painful suspicion had fastened itself upon my mind—a suspicion that left me in little doubt as to the features that veiling mist might have disclosed, and one which made me doubly anxious and resolute to read the book of Mrs. Rossleigh's memory. With this object in view I took advantage, during the morning, of an hour when Adelaide was occupied with some unanswered letters to start in quest of the gardener. A hasty search discovered him in the hot house.

"I have come to beg a tuberose, Clark," I said, as he pulled his gray forelock. "Where do you hide them?"

He shook his head mournfully.

"Them's a flower that was put out o' sight like after Mr. Vorhee died. Ms and Mr. Rossleigh thought as how it would be better for Miss Adelaide. But when Mrs. Rossleigh comed, bless her pioter face! she finished 'em. If you could a seen her, Miss Roman! She was admirin' my beds, when all at once we comed on the tubes. I tell you, Miss Roman, she was as white as one o' my Debby's sheets, and she took and stamped one of her little feet down on 'em like as she hardly knowed what she was about. Then all at onct she seemed to think, for she said as gentle with her white lips: 'I'm sorry, Clark, that your pets are injured, since you vally them so much'—I s'pose I looked down in the mouth, Miss Roman—'but their fragrance near'y kills me! Root 'em all up, Clark. Don't leave one.'"

"And so there's not one to be had!" I disappointedly exclaimed.

"Well, yes, there be, Miss Roman. I sot 'em all out in Debby's garden—me and Debby haint no sich high-fluten notions—and I'll jest run over and git you as many as you want. Debby 'll be uncommon glad to please you."

Considering it advisable to seek Debby's cottage myself, I did so, and was soon hastening with my white treasure toward a portion of the grounds whence I had awhile before received a delicate hint of Mrs. Rossleigh's presence by the blue flutter of a gown. Fortune favored me. She was still there, and alone. Quickly approaching her, I cast aside the green leaves and disclosed the tuberose.

"See, Mrs. Rossleigh, is it not lovely?" I asked, fixing my eyes on her face; and then, in consideration of Clark, "I begged it of Debby, who has a fine bed of them."

Had I been actuated by less powerful motives, her pallor and agitation would have frightened me.

"Throw it away! throw it away!" she gasped. "Would you kill me? No! let me have it!" and snatching it from my hand as I was about to obey her, she dashed it on the gravel, and ground it under her little slippered foot till nothing of the fragrance and beauty that had been remained. Then staggering to a garden chair near, she sunk into it, murmuring, with a ghastly smile:

"'Tis foolish, I know, to be thus sickened by the breath of a flower, but I cannot help it, and I sometimes fancy the whole world has conspired to torture me with these tuberoses; for wherever I go they are thrust upon me!"

"You must pardon me; I am very sorry for you," I answered with a sad sincerity, which she, perhaps, mistook for sympathy. Presently I spoke again. "Adelaide dislikes the odor of tuberoses, and few have had more sorrowful cause to do so."

"Adelaide!" she exclaimed, eyes and voice alike expressing surprise. "What cause, Miss Roman?"

My surprise was equal to her own.

"Is it possible," I answered, "that Mr. Rossleigh has never told you of Adelaide's loss?"

"You refer to the death of her lover which occurred two or three years since?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Rossleigh mentioned that; but—but the tuberoses? I don't understand," she faltered.

"He gave you none of the particulars of his death then?"

"None. I am yet a bride, you know, and our engagement was short. We have still many confidences to exchange," she smilingly concluded as she rose and moved slowly toward the house. Then before I had time to reply she abruptly entreated, nay, commanded: "Become my informant, Miss Roman."

"The particulars are few as sorrowful, Mrs. Rossleigh," I replied. "It is supposed that Mr. Vorhee—"

A quick, sharp exclamation broke from her lips, and she staggered heavily against me, the veins on her temples standing out like thick cords. The next instant she gasped.

"Pardon me, Miss Roman, I have a sore foot, and an intrusive pebble has hurt it dreadfully."

Perhaps I should not have doubted. Perhaps the pebble, directly tossed away, was really taken from her slipper. And perhaps the ease and composure with which she immediately resumed the interrupted conversation should have been accepted as evidence in her favor. Perhaps!

"Pray continue," she entreated. "You were about to mention some supposition concerning Mr. Val—"

"Mr. Vorhee," I corrected. "Mr. Paul Vorhee."

"Oh, yes, Vorhee was the name." And her voice was firmly sweet and emotionless.

"I was about to say," I resumed, "that Mr. Vorhee's death was attributed to sleeping in a close room with a bouquet of tuberoses on his breast; the supposition being that he had carelessly fallen asleep while admiring them as he lay upon his lounge."

"How sad!" again commented the sweet, calm voice. "Did it occur here, Miss Roman?"

"No, he was South at the time. Just three months before, he had gone thither in search of health."

"Poor Adelaide!"

Mrs. Rossleigh's face had continued too pale to testify against her, and her voice expressed naught but pity.

"It may after all have been another than Paul Vornee," I thought in self-accusing spirit as we entered the hall. "I will shake off this frightful suspicion."

Her voice broke unpleasantly on my meditations.

"My dear Miss Roman," she murmured in her surpassingly charming way. "You must let me promise to give you the sweetest and fairest of our floral treasures to compensate you for the loss of your tuberose. Within three days Clark hopes to see a marvel of beauty in perfect bloom, and it shall be yours."

"Flowers as sweet as tuberoses blow, you think."

The words fairly slipped from me, and observing a sudden tremor about the faultless mouth, I again suspiciously questioned whether her waking thought had not first framed the sentence. And I returned to Adelaide feeling that it was as impossible for me to shake off my suspicions as to substantiate their heavy charge. While still oppressed by these thoughts, I threw myself upon the sofa, and there dreamed a strange dream.

It was a lovely afternoon in some distant, spicy clime. Two—a man and a woman—sauntered through a fragrant maze of shade and bloom. A calm, though earnest friendliness shone from the fine, dark eyes the man now and then fixed on the fair creature at his side. Very different the expression in hers. Love—passionate and ungoverned—burned in every stealthy glance. Suddenly her pink cheek flamed a scarlet, which as suddenly paled to a deathly whiteness. Her companion observed neither; his thoughts too busy with that of which he spoke.

"I wish to tell you my secret, Miss Guthrie," he said softly. "As a proof of my appreciation of the sweet sisterly kindness with which you have daily loaded me for weeks, I would give you my holiest confidence. Six months from this, Miss Guthrie, the sun will rise on my wedding-day. My darling—"

He was interrupted by her low, smothered exclamation. A bleeding hand was raised as his eye turned inquiringly on her.

"I coveted the rose—behold!" she cried with bitter emphasis in response.

"How careless!" he exclaimed, proceeding to bind her handkerchief about the wounds.

But it was not carelessly done. I saw her set teeth as she fiercely grasped the thorns and tore her delicate flesh.

Anon it was evening. Within a luxurious chamber sat the same fair woman. A she gazed drearily from the window, a tall, middle aged serving woman entered, bearing a letter. Pissing it in the lady's hand, she said:

"I could not see Mr. Vorhee, Miss Camil—"

"Bronson! Bronson! must I always be tutoring you?" sharply interrupted the lady. "Is it quite impossible for you to remember that I have good reasons for being here incognito? That Miss Camilla Hope is to be lost for the present in Miss Helen Guthrie? We shall soon be on the ocean again, till then let your tongue be as discreet as your heart is faithful."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Helen, I am bad about forgetting when we are alone." As an impatient nod acknowledged the apology she continued: "Mr. Vornee had gone to his room, leaving strict orders that he was not to be disturbed till morning, as he was very tired. But if you like, Miss Helen, I'll carry the letter round to one of his windows. They all open on the verands like these, and if he's up I can easily give it to him."

The lady hesitated an instant, and then replied:

"No, Bronson, I will send you over in the morning. You can go now, and do not come again till I ring."

Once more alone she sprang to her feet and hurriedly exchanged her delicate white robe for a black one and a hooded cloak which completely shrouded her face and form. Snatching up the letter she muttered hoarsely:

"I can well personate a servant, and this will answer if I find him awake."

The next instant she had passed through the open window to the veranda, thence making her swift way across a garden in which she paused a brief minute to gather a handful of tuberoses. Nervously clenching these she rapidly skirted a bit of wood, and was soon standing beside a window opening on another veranda. Here she waited in an attitude of breathless attention till assured by a low, regular respiration that she might safely enter the room from which the sound issued.

The form of a man stretched on a lounge was dimly visible in the failing twilight, and toward it the lady's cautious feet bore her. She wasted no time. Slipping a large, odd-shaped opal ring, thickly set with diamonds, from her finger, she pressed back the costly top, disclosing a small cavity in which lay an odorous substance. Two or three of the flowers quickly crushed against this, and the ring replaced upon her finger, she drew the hood more carefully about her mouth and nostrils and held the flowers so that the sleeper would inhale their fragrance at every breath. After a little she dropped the handful on his bosom and withdrew to the head of the sofa.

Minute after minute was counted off in solemn distinctness by the little time piece. At last the breathing to which she shuddering listened ceased, and she left her nook to bend over the nerveless form. Pressing a kiss upon the damp forehead, she muttered in her former hoarse tones:

"I can bear to look upon thy dead face, Paul Vorhee, but never, never could I live to see thee bound to another!" And with noiseless tread she stole back to the veranda, and after softly closing the open windows, darted swiftly away.

And in the vain effort to follow and seize her I awoke, though only to again sleep and wake till the strange phantom had, in all its details, been three times minutely repeated. When I at last broke away from my uneasy slumbers, I found Adelaide making rapid preparations for a journey. She had been suddenly called to the sick, perhaps dying bed of her old governess to whom she was deeply attached. As she would not return till late the following day, I decided to broach the subject of my dream at once, which I did with the abrupt inquiry:

"Adelaide, is Helen Guthrie a familiar name to you?"

"Certainly," she replied in surprised accents. "Paul was intimately associated with her during the three months he spent South, and I more than once read you extracts from letters in which he eloquently described her wonderful beauty and fascination. She was exceedingly kind to him, and he grew fond of her in a brotherly sort of way. But what brought her to your mind?"

"A dream just dreamed. I thought I saw him walking beside a Miss Helen Guthrie to whom he was speaking tenderly of you. On awaking I recognized a certain familiarity about the name, but that was all."

"It was a singular dream," she remarked thoughtfully. "What was her appearance?"

"She was tall and fair," I answered briefly.

"Miss Guthrie was both," she observed; repeating directly, "it was a very singular dream! Don't you think so, Clemence?"

"What's in a dream?" I lightly and evasively smiled, and then remarked, "Helen Guthrie is a pleasant sounding name, and, apropos of names, have I not heard your father call Mrs. Rossleigh Camilla?"

"Yes, in lieu of Camilla which is her proper name. I would she were still Camilla Hope", she concluded sadly.

A few hour's after Adelaide's departure I sought an interview with Mr. Rossleigh. I avoided details—simply told him that Mrs. Rossleigh had twice visited my room in a somnambulic condition, and both times had been followed by what I believe to be Paul Vorhee's wraith. That the man thought me partially insane, I have scarcely a doubt, but he nevertheless promised to keep her under his surveillance. Nor did he disregard his promise.

That same night as I lay nervously watching for the possible appearance of my nightly visitant the door opened, and she entered, closely followed by her husband. With the same cautiousness which had marked her movements the preceding night she approached my side, and in the same broken whispers repeated, word for word, the sentences which had then seemed so incomprehensible. And, as on that night, the misty column rose and assumed the form becoming only too familiar to my sight.

That Mr. Rossleigh was a horrified observer of the scene it required not words to declare. The bed shook under the forceful hand with which he had grasped the footboard. But neither thoughts nor eyes lingered with him. Both were fixed in breathless intensity on the face growing out from the mist, clear and distinct as any face I had ever gazed upon.

Scarcely had I recognized it as indeed Paul Voorhee's, when the right hand, which had been concealed within his bosom, was drawn forth burdened with a white and suffocatingly fragrant weight of tuberoses. I suppose that the half shriek which escaped me awakened the sleeping woman. The next instant she turned, and stood watching in wild eyed horror the weighted hand slowly extend itself till the flowers lay close against her lips. Their touch broke the chaining spell. With a wild cry she reeled backward into Mr. Rossleigh's extended arms, and flinging her hands above her head, gasped in dying tones:

"Heaven's vengeance!"

A low gurgling murmur, a little crimson tide staining lips and night dress, and even as Paul Voorhee vanished in a dissolving cloud of mist, Mr. Rossleigh's bride drew her last breath.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are less true friends in the world, for want of proper knowledge of what constitutes real friendship, than for any defect in purpose. Some think if they entertain a popular or respectful preference for another, they are conferring upon them the highest boon of friendship. Others mistake adulation for friendship. While others, again, of a more fluctuating character, will make friends with you to-day, and to-morrow, on the slightest pretext, withdraw their favor—perchance, you have uttered a sentiment that does not accord precisely with their views, or expressed a wish that is derogatory to their feelings, and behold they are gone. Then again we have another class whom we will, for convenience, denominate "summer friends," who esteem it a privilege to yield you their patronage while you are blessed with wealth, position and prosperity, but who, when the tide of adversity overtakes you and you are compelled to descend to the more humble ranks of society, abandon your confidence, and like the Levite of old, pass by on the other side. True friendship possesses a merit susceptible of beneficence and constancy, that is as unchanging as it is sublime. A true friend is one who would seek to ameliorate your wrongs and defend you, when he would suffer himself to be wronged, and while he kindly admonishes you, he bears with your errors and infirmities as if they were his own—and though prosperity may smile ever so benignly upon you, or adversity frown ever so darkly, he is the same magnanimous spirit seeking to brighten your pathway, lighten your burdens, and delighting above all things in alleviating distress. If he cannot dry the falling tear, he tries to soothe, at least, the grieving heart.

Is there a person upon the face of the earth who would deliberately accept of all the wealth which this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be loved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms passes his miserable existence, a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heartfelt satisfaction of friendship or that feeling of love and kindness which is heightened and improved by principle. True friendship is a refuge that fails not, it is a treasure that angels prize, and around its diadem we all love to linger and dwell forever.

A. L. C.

☞ How can we be expected to have faith in these latter-day prophets if they do not give evidence of a belief in their own predictions? There is a reverend gentleman in Minnesota who spends his Sundays in prophesying that the world will not outlast the present summer, and yet he has sown one hundred acres of wheat. According to his own doctrines, the harvest cannot come in this world, and it is hardly safe to leave so much goodly grain to the chances of a final conflagration.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CONTRACT OF MARRIAGE.

On the same night that Gabrielle entered into her venturous arrangement with the Earl of Marston, Mr. Rokeby arrived at his residence in London.

Mrs. Rokeby was there before him; he was informed that she had retired to her own rooms, and had gone to rest, when with a seeming carelessness he inquired for her.

On the following day he gave instructions to place the whole of his household in the deepest mourning, and communicated by message to Mrs. Rokeby his wish that all the family should likewise adopt the sable livery of woe.

Mrs. Rokeby sent for Gabrielle to attend her in her boudoir, in order to communicate to her the death of the old earl, her putative grandfather, and to acquaint her with Mr. Rokeby's wish respecting the outward habiliments of affliction; but the young lady, rather fearing the searching eyes of her pseudo-aunt until she had schooled herself to encounter them without a fluttering eye lid, pleaded fatigue and headache, and promised to attend her in the evening.

But before the evening had come Mrs. Rokeby had received a telegram, and departed from London within an hour of its receipt, leaving for Mr. Rokeby a few lines, which informed him that his son Wil, having attempted the rescue of a young lady from drowning, had nearly perished himself, was prostrate in bed, and that she had gone to aim to attend him in his dangerous condition.

She took Tib with her, having informed him of her purpose and its cause, and Tib found time to despatch a few lines to Meggy.

But neither Mrs. Rokeby nor the man named their destination. Mr. Rokeby was, therefore, left to make useless inquiries, as Mrs. Rokeby alone had seen the telegram and had taken it with her, and to wait until he received a communication from her. We have seen what course Meggy pursued.

Gabrielle, having received no communication from Mr. Rokeby, and Mrs. Rokeby being absent when she had prepared herself for an interview with her, she could not consult her. But she did not hesitate an instant in her course. She gave instructions at once to her dressmaker to be provided profusely with the deepest, the most fashionable, and the most expensive mourning she could furnish her with in the shortest possible time.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Rokeby hunted up Mr. Cuough Jurgeson, only to learn that he was confined to his bed with a sharp attack of epilepsy, and was not able to converse with any one.

He next resolved to have an interview with Tatchmax, the solicitor, and endeavor to squeeze out of him some information respecting the actual existence of Guy Luttrell, but he was forestalled in that purpose by a letter which he received from that gentleman, which not a little agitated him. It ran thus:—

"Sir—We are instructed by our client, Mark Jarrett, late of Chilworth, Hants, and now of the Grange, Hazelbrook, Surrey, esquire, to call your immediate attention to the contract of marriage made and entered into between your son and heir, Wilfred Rokeby, and the young lady bearing the name of Miss Gabrielle Luttrell. We are further to recall to your memory that the provisions within the deed of contract entailing the severest penalties, pecuniary and otherwise, for non-fulfilment of all or any of the clauses therein contained will be enforced to the uttermost as against you, should you, by yourself or your son, Wilfred Rokeby, refuse at the time specified to perform and execute all the stipulations of the said contract of marriage. We are, sir, your obedient servants,

"TATCHMAX, LOWE, AND MAXTATCH."

There are many ways of obtaining a vapor bath. Seeing a mad bull making direct at one, an idiotic cockney sportsman trailing his loaded gun with its muzzle pointed blank at one's thorax, receiving a copy of a writ while making an offer of marriage to a purse-proud widow, hearing a burglar in the dead of the night tripping up the stairs leading to one's bed-room, and his whisper to a companion that if any one objects to him or his "cockypeshun" he'll cut their throats, finding yourself "running off the rail" at forty miles an hour, are some modes of obtaining profuse sweating; but none of these courses could surpass, if equal, the effect of the note of Tatchmax and Co. in producing such a result on Mr. Rokeby.

After reading that letter he had not a dry thread about him.

Yet, withal, it was not for himself that he cared, but his wife and Wilfred. To bring them to the verge of destitution through an ill considered act, which, although he had done it in good faith and with the best intentions, was death to him. Nevertheless, apprehensive as he felt of the result, he resolved to fight the thing off until he could secure a more accurate knowledge of the form the struggle for the earldom of Templecombe would take, and after some thought he addressed a short note to Messrs. Tatchmax, Lowe, and Maxtatch. He coldly informed them that some doubt had been thrown on the identity of the young lady known as Miss Luttrell. Until that point was settled all such communications as he had now the honor to acknowledge from them would be premature.

They promptly answered him, assuring him that he was laboring under a startling error. In the deed he had contracted to unite his son to a young lady whom he had reared, and who was called by him and his household, and was known by the name of Gabrielle Luttrell. That young lady was still under his guardianship, and it mattered not who her actual parents were, or what her true name might be. If her parents were a soldier and a gypsy girl, so much the worse for Mr. Wilfred Rokeby; if she proved to be a Luttrell, so much the better for both. She, however, was the party to whom he was contracted, and to her he must be married. Attempted evasion would be worse than useless.

With these epistles, and the draft of the deed, Mr. Rokeby rushed off to his own solicitor—a gentleman of high respectability, an astute lawyer of large experience, and "a wary, cool old sworder," who accepted nothing whatever on trust.

He perused the draft of the contract slowly and carefully, and when he had read the last word, and sat and pondered in silence for a minute or two, he gave his shoulders a twitch, and looking Mr. Rokeby steadfastly in the face, he said—

"You wish to withdraw from this contract?"

"I not only wish, but I have the best reason to believe that my son will not marry the girl," responded Mr. Rokeby, earnestly.

"You were badly advised ever to have appended your name to such a document," pursued his solicitor. "How came you to do it, Rokeby?"

"The story is a long and complicated one, Eaglefield; but I will endeavor to give it you succinctly," returned Mr. Rokeby, with a feverish air, "although it will raise some painful memories."

He paced the apartment for a few minutes, pressing his temples, and occasionally passing his fingers through his still luxuriant chestnut hair. Mr. Eaglefield, in his cosy arm-chair, watched him quietly but furtively, and listened with scrupulous attention while he was speaking.

Mr. Rokeby at last paused in his pacings, and in a voice from which, though he tried, he could not eliminate traces of emotion, he began:

"Many years past, I was the friend and companion of Gray Luttrell, a son of the late Earl of Templecombe. I knew his twin brother but very slightly, for it is not possible to imagine two natures—strangely enough, for they were twins—more painfu contrasts than were theirs. Gray was all gentleness, nobleness, and integrity—sensitive, jealous, and suspicious to a rather exaggerated extent, it is true, but at the same time honorable to the last degree. Guy was nearly in all respects the very opposite. As we were verging into manhood, Gray fell in love with Fay Vaux, the loveliest of three exceedingly beautiful, lively, high-spirited girls. My heart had been enchained from early boyhood to one who was snatched from me by the will of Heaven within a few hours of her becoming my bride.

"This horrible occurrence sent me into close retirement, until suddenly I heard a rumor that Guy Luttrell, having fallen in love with Fay Vaux, had attempted to oust his brother in her affections, but had been peremptorily and most decisively repulsed. After she had given her hand to Gray, he commenced to persecute Blanche Vaux with his attentions. It was asserted that she would accept him. I knew Blanche when a very bright girl. I was sure that to marry Guy Luttrell was to crush out her own life. I sought her, had a short explanation with her, offered her my hand. We were married.

"Some comparatively brief time after this, I heard a dreadful story that Fay had eloped from her husband with a villain; that Gray had reason to believe his brother Guy was mixed up in this degradation; that they had met, quarrelled, fought, and Guy had been killed. Subsequently, I was told that Gray, in total contradiction to his nature, had plunged into a wild career of dissipation, and had hanged himself. At this time, too, the Earl of Templecombe suddenly left society, and became a recluse. I was thus cut off from all connection with the family, it seemed forever.

"It turned out, however, that, having bought an estate in Surrey, I was thrown in the way—or rather, the company of a man named Jarrett of Chilgrove was forced upon me. He was a rude, savage man, although he had the inbred signs of good breeding which pertain to the gentleman born, and are never eradicated by any mixing in low society. He made rather a show of being civil to me—offered services, and rendered himself as obliging to me as his palpably morose nature would allow, and I soon discovered with what motive.

"He managed to secure a private interview with me one day, and after a few commonplaces, adopted a mysterious, confidential air and tone. He startled me by asserting that he was a member of the Luttrell family, although not in the direct line of succession; and this declaration at once reminded me of the impression that his features were familiar to me, although I could not determine where I had seen them, or the person whom they resembled. Then he launched into the affairs of the unfortunate Gray Luttrell, and his unhappy, frail wife. He expressed much grief at her fall; but it sounded so like bitter irony I doubted its sincerity, until he introduced the subject of a little female child which Fay Luttrell had deserted when she quitted her home, and which Gray Luttrell being no more, was left unprotected and friendless in the hands of some poor cottagers, who, unable to support it, were about to convey it to the poor-house. He reminded me that she was my wife's niece, and at least innocent of her mother's sin; and he called upon me to take her and rear her as one who would some day become the inheritress of vast property.

"I need scarcely say that I instantly assented, and I had no sooner done so than he raised difficulties, but as I grew the more eager to have possession of Fay's child, and surmounted or swept away his objections, he gradually gave way, and promised to send me the infant. Then he suddenly withdrew his promise, unless I would enter into this precious contract of marriage. He gave as his reason, that he wished to have the forsaken offspring of poor Fay thoroughly secured from poverty, properly educated, and brought up as became her true position. He thought his plan would effect that. Without enlarging upon the absolute prize so wealthy an heiress would be to a young man entering life, even with a good fortune, he contrived to dazzle me, bait me, lure—in fact, I signed the contract.

"Yet, even then, he declined to perfect the arrangement by sending me the child until I had passed my word of honor that I would keep the matter secret between us for ten years at least, and that I would place the little girl in my wife's charge with no further remark than, 'This is the only child of your sister Fay, rear her as if she were a legacy left by a near and dear dead relative.' There was a quantity of trickery and some very questionable proceedings to play even after this, and I had to assume a part with an arrant knave and rascal—have had, indeed, to this very day—before I obtained possession of the child; but I did secure her, and she has remained beneath my roof ever since."

"Did you cause her to be christened?" inquired the lawyer.

"I did," returned Mr. Rokeby, frankly. "I gave her the name of Gabrielle, because it was one which I once heard Fay, in her girlish, joyous days, declare to be the sweetest name she had ever heard."

"Mrs. Rokeby, a lady friend, and yourself were the sponsors?" appended Mr. Eaglefield, interrogatively.

"Just so," rejoined Mr. Rokeby, unhesitatingly. "Her Christian names are Gabrielle Luttrell, so if she be a Luttrell, her style would be Gabrielle Luttrell Luttrell."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Eaglefield, prodding the tips of his fingers and thumbs at each other. "You are bound, I see, tightly, to marry your son to this young lady, even if she be no Luttrell, but a partly of the name of Scraggs."

"I fear so," murmured Mr. Rokeby.

"There is no doubt of it," rejoined Mr. Eaglefield, quickly, "for the terms of this contract are so stringent that to nullify it would be almost as hard work as for a toothless old man to chew wrought steel into pap with his old gums. Do you think Miss Gabrielle had been christened before she came into your hands?"

"I should confidently say no," answered Mr. Rokeby.

"Um! It is the old story; when a man determines to become his own lawyer he is sure to secure a fool for his client," remarked Mr. Eaglefield, complacently. "No offence, Rokeby, but you see that you have tied yourself up, wrist, ankles, and waist, by this infernal document, without reserving to yourself a slit, we will say nothing about a loophole, to escape through. What are the antecedents of this Jarrett of Chilworth?"

"I know a little concerning him, but even that is more than enough," returned Mr. Rokeby, knitting his brows. "The fellow was a turf gambler, a speculator in mines, foreign bonds, and other hazardous investments. He inveigled me, in spite of my distaste for such matters, into some 'speculations' which turned out profitable; but as I, completely gulled, was about to launch into a vast undertaking, I discerned through an anonymous friend that it was utterly rotten, I seceded in time, and making close and accurate but at the same time secret inquiries, I found he had constructed a fabric which if it had been crowned by my hand would have beggared me. Instead, I pulled away the foundation stones, and the whole pile fell upon him with a crash. I further rescued a little group of youthful noblemen, just plunging on the turf, from his clutches, denounced him, they escaped ruin, and he was compelled for a time to fly. For this he has sworn to destroy me, even murder me, or any of my family, if we ever cross his path. He has been most fertile in schemes, and it has taken no little of my past life to anticipate, meet, and thwart his combinations. Rest assured that it is out of no love for Gabrielle Luttrell that he is forcing her as a wife upon my son."

"I quite see that," responded Mr. Eaglefield, musingly; "but I see also that it is equally probable the young lady named has an origin of an questionable a description as to make her entrance into your family even worse than if you had selected a tainted leper to mingle with your blood, and therefore is used as one of the means this man has devised to avenge himself upon you. Let me see! He assured you that she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gray Luttrell, did he not?"

"Certainly, or I should unquestionably not have received her under my care, nor reared, nor treated her as my niece," replied Mr. Rokeby, with unequivocal emphasis. "I believed myself to be doing an act of right and justice as well as compassion, and I held myself ready to advance and uphold her rights when the event which has happened in the death of the Earl of Templecombe placed them in a position to be asserted."

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Eaglefield, with a faint professional smile. "If she be not the daughter of Mrs. Luttrell, *née* Vaux, and of Gray Luttrell, son of the late Earl of Templecombe, you were induced to become a party to that contract under a fraudulent pretence."

"Clearly!" ejaculated Mr. Rokeby, with decision, and a glimmer of hope, for he jumped at his solicitor's intimation."

"Well," pursued Mr. Eaglefield, "in that case the contract is void. We must endeavor to find out who the young lady really is. In the meantime, we must not decline to fulfill the contract, which is to be completed when she has reached her twentieth year; but we shall act then as we may be advised, you know. However, it will be of the utmost importance that you should put me in possession of the whole of the particulars and circumstances connected with the names and addresses of all persons who had immediately or remotely anything to do with the custody of the child before you received it, and who assisted to place it in your hands. If we can a tisfactorily trace out her real parentage, there is no telling what clue to the way out of this labyrinth we may hit upon."

"I have the hypocritical, canting rascal who brought her to me in my pay now," returned Mr. Rokeby, quickly. "He is employed in endeavoring to discover the truth of a statement which has been made anonymously to me, that Mrs. Gray Luttrell gave birth to twins, whether the young lady concerning whom we have been conversing is one of them, and if so, whether she be the eldest or not."

"That is a new point," remarked Mr Eaglefield, reflectively. "It is a curious affair. What is the name of your agent with the questionable character?"

"Mr. Titus Vink—a low, a very low, denominational preacher," returned Mr. Rokeby. "A perfectly unscrupulous knave, but like all such scamps very useful when well paid."

"Ah! for work you do not care to soil your own fingers with," responded Mr. Eaglefield, with a slight curl of his lip. "I think I know something of an individual of that name. A swindling, sneaking vagabond, who, under an infinite number of *aliases*, obtained subscriptions for artfully concocted cases of clergymen and families in deep distress, widows, gentlewomen reduced suddenly from affluence to destitution, and in all the cases bagged the whole of the receipts. His name is peculiar as his form is unpleasantly remarkable. I must see your man; if he is the same, I shall know him in an instant. I am in possession of some facts in reference to his fleecing outrageously a pious old lady, and I shall be able to compel him to act honestly to us at least."

"You have described the very man. I will bring him to you," returned Mr. Rokeby, quickly and eagerly.

"Not you," laughed Mr. Eaglefield; "the unmitigated rascal will not approach within a mile of my chambers. You must make an appointment at your own address, and I will join you there and pin him. As he brought the child to you, there is much probability that he will be able to give us the clue which we must follow up, until we not only get at her birth, but find out who her mother was. If we can prove that your signature to this contract was obtained under fraud, there is an end of the contract."

"I am sure of it now," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, pressing his temples with his hands. "Feel that I must have been to have wasted all these years in reaching this certain conclusion."

"Some people die, after a long life, without awaking to the fact that they have been fools all their life," remarked Mr. Eaglefield, in a self-satisfied tone, which intimated that he did not consider himself to be one of the number. "It is, however, to be hoped that you have yet time to repair your folly. We have no time to lose though, for my clerk tells me that already two parties are serving ejectments on the tenants of the Templecombe estates, and there will very shortly be some fierce litigation, in which we shall be involved, for, as the guardian of Miss Luttrell—or, at least, the young lady under your care—you must become a party to the suit until you prove her to be—at least, not what she is represented to be. First of all, secure the presence of that sanctimonious cheat and rogue, Vink, and let me have a good pump at him. I will squeeze him dry. If he really possesses the information we so much need, I will have it out of him. Pray get this fellow at once."

Mr. Rokeby left him, to send a communication to Titus Vink, making an immediate appointment with him, and as he approached his home, plunged in thought, he was attracted by suddenly observing a pair of brilliant dark eyes flash upon him, and as suddenly disappear.

The look was so direct, and so palpably darted upon his face by one who knew him, at least, that he at once directed his attention to the individual who had thus noticed him. It was a woman, not fashionably nor humbly clad, but rather as a well-to-do countrywoman would attire herself; and as her back was now presented to him he did not know her by appearance, yet as on passing her he looked over his shoulder he caught sight of the partly-averted pallid face of Joyce Stoke, and he recognized it instantly.

Not as that of a person he knew by name or previous transactions, but as that of the woman he had seen at the funeral of the late Earl of Templecombe; behind whom, in fact, he had detected his house-steward, Dean, shrouding himself, as it were, from sight. He remembered this suddenly now, and he promptly addressed her—

"Are you waiting to see my house-steward, woman?" he exclaimed, sternly, as he scrutinized her handsome features, to try if they had been known to him at some earlier date, resolved, at all events, to learn, if possible, what were the matters which caused communings between his confidential servant and her.

"Woman!" she echoed, half indignantly; "that is not the way to address me—a colonel's lady," she added, with a scornful laugh.

"A colonel's lady!" he repeated, elevating his eyebrows. "What do you mean, woman? I saw you recently in Templecombe church-yard with my house-steward, Dean."

"And others," she repeated, with a curling lip. "You for example."

He looked at her with surprise, and perused her features searchingly, to try and obtain an inkling of the object, whatever that might be, at which he was now sure she was aiming.

"Yes, but—" he rejoined, objectively, and he hesitated.

"All the people you shoulder and elbow in a crowd, Mr. Rokeby, are not needful friends or companions," she returned, coldly.

"But you say you are a colonel's lady," he answered, slowly, still examining her features, "and colonels' ladies do not stand unprotected among mobs in wet and stormy weather. You know my name evidently. May I ask what yours is?"

"Would you have my married or single name! You know both well—the first even better than the last," she answered, half scornfully.

"What is your married name?" he inquied, with increasing astonishment.

"Waldron," she answered, in a tone of abhorrent scorn, and spat on the ground.

"Waldron!" he repeated, opening his eyelids to their full extent; "not Waldron—the Waldron—the Colonel Waldron with whom I am intimately acquainted? Why, woman, he is not married—never was."

"He is not the first remorseless and pitiless villain who has told a similar lie," she returned, with a deliberate emphasis.

He staggered back a pace or two, completely electrified. Yet in an instant he demanded, with swift eagerness—

"What was your maiden name?"

"Stoke—Joyce Stoke. I am known as Joyce Stoke," she replied, with a harsh, bitter laugh.

For a moment he felt deprived of speech. At length he pursued, rapidly—

"Daughter of Martin Stoke, a servant years ago at Templecombe Priory?"

"The same," she answered, quietly.

"Who sent, through the hands of Titus Vink, a child to me?"

"Even she," was the cold answer.

For a moment he stood like one petrified suddenly into stone; but rousing himself, he said, hastily, and with undisguised agitation—

"You will not be afraid to trust yourself with me, Joyce Sto—Mrs. Colonel Wal—Heavens! the wonderment of this thing!"

"Afraid!" she rejoined, with a curling lip. "After such desperate trials as I have been compelled to face I am not likely to fear anything."

"Accompany me," he gasped. "Be but truthful, honest, and faithful to me, and I will see you righted."

"The word of honor of a Rokeby is but another name for a sacred oath I know, and have always heard. Plight me your word of honor that you will see justice done to a friendless and defenceless creature such as I am, and I will be your slave, assisting you in the search I know you to be instituting—ay, as no other living being can."

"There is *my* hand—I swear it!" exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, with impetuous excitement.

She took his proffered hand and gave it one tight wring, and instantly released it. Immediately Mr. Rokeby turned towards his mansion and she followed him.

But he entered by a secret way, and introduced her into his study without having been seen by any one—except Dean.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW TITUS VINK WENT IN FOR THAT PORTMANTEAU WITH TWO HANDLES.

The clerk of Mr. Tatchmax was much disturbed in his mind respecting the apparition which, seemingly *apropos* of nothing, popped up at his elbow in the person of Mr. Titus Vink. He had not heard his footstep at all, had no idea of his proximity until he felt his smart tap on his shoulder, and then before he looked round his heart was in his throat at a bound, and with the speed of lightning a thought had passed through his mind which in its swift passage had said—

"This is an officer who has overtaken you, and intends seizing you for the commission of the robbery performed under the instructions, to say nothing of the sanction, of your highly respectable and estimable employer Fabian Tatchmax."

No doubt for the instant he regarded himself in custody, swallowing the cold, dank air of a stone cell; but the question which Titus put to him partially restored him. So, with one effort of the gullet, as if successfully bolting the biggest half of a hot potato, he answered sternly, and resolved, if this itinerant attempted to share his company, he would frown him down, and compel him to pursue his own path alone, chapfallen, and in abject humility.

But Mr. Vink, to use his own expression upon that point, was not a man of that kidney. He took no heed of the gruff tone, and did not see the frowns. His eyes, his thoughts, his mind, and his determined intentions were on that portmanteau with the two handles.

"There's money in it! There's money in it! There's money in it!" he chanted silently to himself. "And Vink will win it! Ho, Vink will win it! Ha, Vink will win it!"

Mr. Odam increased his pace, and so did Titus, up the road, which wound over and among a system of downs or tract of hills, covered with fine grass, and evidently many miles in extent. The wind blew boisterously, and the rain beat sharply against them, but both plodded steadily onward, until of a sudden Mr Odam stopped, and placing himself deliberately before Titus, said, in a hectoring way—

"There is no railway station in this direction."

Titus smiled playfully, and replied—

"It's exceedin' wrong o' one o' my cloth to bet, but I did say to myself I'll lay a jar o' grce to a 'an'ful o' waywardness that there ain't no railway station this way."

"Then, what do you want this way? You asked if it led to the railway station," frowned Odam, as fiercely as he could.

"What do I want this way, my keristian friend—that is, if you've confessed kerstchianity?" responded Titus, with an assumed blankness of visage. "It's the way to the unfort savidge, it's the way to the benighted heathen, it's the way of a numble follerers o' the Lord to find the way to 'em—that is my way."

"But you asked if this led to a railway station," persisted Odam, knitting his brows together, and trying to look as much like an ogre as he could. "You must turn back, you know. The railway station lies over yonder, behind you."

"The railway station may stop there," returned Titus, slipping round him, and getting before him. "I don't want it. It don't follow if I ask if this leads to the gates o' perdishun, and you said 'No,' that I should want to go to them gates, an' turn out o' the narrer paths accordi gly. No, you are goin' this way I knows, so am I."

And he moved forward a few paces. Odam after a minutes' hesitation, followed him. He dared not turn back, yet to keep on was to have a man for his companion, who, despite his shabby clerical garb, he instinctively distrusted. However, he was shrewd enough to know that it would not do for him to raise suspicions by his own equivocal conduct. So he kept on, resolved to separate from his disagreeable friend at the very first opportunity that offered.

But then he did not know the qualities of his friend.

"His friend," began to sing, with a most doleful nasal twang, a hymn which he prefaced by saying was of his own composing, but Odam, who thought he saw now a chance of disposing of "his friend," at once struck up a low, infamous pothouse song, which Titus Vink interrupted promptly, and enlarged in the raspiest cant on its wickedness. Whereupon Odam launched forth some dreadfully profane remarks, and a torrent of vile oaths, until a fit of coughing checked him.

"What a nappy thing it is I've fallen in with you," returned Titus, as the other continued to cough badly. "You're plunged in sinfulness up to the knocker. I shan't leave you now until you are converted, and I've made you a nerb o' grace. Let me hold your portmanty while you cough."

Before Odam was aware of it, Titus had snatched the portmanteau from his hand, and was making for the crest of the hill before him at about eleven miles an hour.

Odam, with a start of surprised rage, ran after him with the speed of an athlete, but Titus continued with surprising agility until he found that it was further to the top of the hill than he had calculated; consequently he would have to pull up, and for the present yield up the portmanteau again. However, he shook it sharply as he ran, and plainly heard the rustling of many papers within.

As he slackened with failing breath he soliloquized—

"There's money in it! T. V. will win it. I hears the nat s a floppin' about—a load on 'em. T. V. will scoop with this small crowd o' valuables afore sundown, an' when T. V. receives from A. R., esquire, of Fairholme Priors, the little bright golding sums, with Her Majesty's lovely countingance upon 'em won't he do a out an'-out trip in the art o' the country, a friskin' like a lamb o' the fold with his Joyey—with her nails drawed, an no bludgeon within reach of her!"

Gradually diminishing his speed, he suffered Odam almost to grasp his shoulder; then he suddenly swung round, and doubled back again at fair speed, closely followed by Odam, growling and gasping, and stretching out his hands like the claws of a tiger. When he had proceeded as far as he thought advisable in the interests of the future, he faced about as abruptly as before, and this time, Odam being nearer to him than he imagined, a collision took place, and both went down on to the wet short grass with a crash.

Titus, however, was the first to scramble up; but the other was not a second behind him, and grabbed hold of the portmanteau, which was yielded so promptly that he ran back with sufficient violence as to fall again.

Recovering his equilibrium, he returned to Titus with a furious air, and in a tone of rage, oried, pantingly—

"You scoundrel, what do you mean by this bare-faced attempt at highway robb—y?"

"Hah!" retorted Titus, with a sardonic grin, puffing and blowing like a luggage-engine. "Don't use bad langwidge, or I shall run away from you again. As to your portmanter, ther's nothin' in it with takin', if I was sinful enough to attempt so base a 'kshun. I only took care on it for you while you coughed, for fear you should blow your inside out with your spasium."

"I'll trouble you not to touch it any more," returned Odam, with a nod and violent frown. "Besides, holding it for a moment is one thing, and bolting with it is quite another pair of shoes."

Titus threw up his hands in the air.

"Was there ever such a pippin o' Sating?" he ejaculated, through his nose. "If I ranned, it was because o' the 'orrible perfanity o' your remarks. They woke up the saint within me, an' terrified it out o' its senses. It was the spiritual faith an' innocence in my 'art an' soul which took fright within me, an' run off with me; so don't do it no more, else you'll lose me, an' in losing me you will lose a pasture an' a shepherd as will lead you into the folds o' the shinin' an' the 'eot.

Odam frowned at him more desperately than ever, and said, between his teeth—

"I don't want you with me. If I need a pastor and a spiritual guide to the Land of Grace, I will select an educated, intelligent gentleman, who has been duly ordained, and possesses bot cultivated mind and intellect. Your are quite a different sort. I look on you as a low, canting, hypocritical snuffling humbug; and if you do not at once take yourself off, or continue to annoy me with your companionship, which I regard as a beastly and offensive nuisance, I will give you such a thrashing that you shan't be able to crawl off this hill for several hours."

Titus showed his spiky and discolored teeth.

"Are you very wet about the feet, that you frown so, my blade o' scorched dodder?" he exclaimed, without displaying any alarm at the man's threats. "Brighten up, my weak-shinned transgressor! We've a tidy journey to do together, an' we may as well do it on plea in' terms."

Odam uttered a cry of anger, somewhat on the principle adopted by the Chinese to frighten the British troops, and he made at Titus as if he intended to knock him down with his left hand.

Titus, however, drew back, and from his pocket produced a long, broad-bladed bread-knife, which, in all human probability, he had that morning purloined from some one's table, on which it had been lying convenient to his reach, and he flashed it in the eyes of Odam, so that the stout-hearted lawyer's clerk drew back swiftly.

"I've wrastled with the devil an' his babes an' his works too often to be afear'd of a squirming bit o' black, bad stuff like you," he said, with a very evil expression of countenance. "I don't want to cut your throat—I don't hanker to do it, an' I really own it would go again' the clorth to do it; but don't urge me into a pitch o' wild enthuseriasm, or I'll offer you up a seckerafice to Babel—like a shot!"

Mr. Odam uttered a sound between a grunt and a snort, and Titus saw his advantage.

"I'm mild an' pleasant when I'm pleased, an' light an' hairy in my talk," he pursued, savagely, between his teeth; "but if you rube my superfine duoskin the wrong way a good deal o' roughness pervails. At the last mad-house I left a day or two ago, when nobody thought I was out o' my double-padded room, the keepers was strong an' active, yet they was very civil to me, because they knew that when my spirits was heloweated, then—then—then—"

He drew the back of the knife figuratively across his throat, and then flourished it, and danced about like a frenzied Irishman, wild with a desire for somebody to tread on the tail of his coat.

Mr. Odam's heart retired precipitately into the heels of his boots.

"This is an escaped maniac," he thought, with chattering teeth. "In the name of all that is horrible, what am I to do?"

Titus advanced to him with a hideous grin, and he almost fainted with terror; but Titus held out the hand which was not armed with the knife, and said, with his nasal twang—

"Let us be at peace, my feriend. Let us walk in the parths o' grace an' good-will. You are a tainted wether o' the flock, whose odor is very unsanctified an' bad; but I'll lead you inter the fold, an' g-t out o' you all that's woth havin' afore I've done with yer. Our way's the same; let us travel on the road together in 'armony an' good-nature. I don't fear you a morsel, an' you needn't fear me, because—

I'm sinful born, but whilst I lives
The narrer path I'll go,
And One doth know how 'ard I strives
To keep from down below.

Come on undertaker, come on, an smooth me down, for my spirits is highstrikin' an' gay, an' when they're like that, if I ain't soothed, I often does murder. Come on!"

Mr. Odam looked around him, and could see nothing in any direction but the chain of large, sweeping downs, over which the road wound. Not a tree in sight, not a finger-post, not a bird—nothing but the poor herbage, dark in the still, pelting rain, the leaden sky, and the fierce beating wind. No help, no aid of any kind. No time for reflection. So, as Titus stood erect, his quaint, thin, long black cloak flying wildly about him, pointing with the large knife in the direction the road took, and looking very much like one of the shapes the Father of all Sin was very likely to select on a visit to the earth, he inwardly groaned, and went on in dismal silence, following the lead of Titus, as a dejected hound would follow his master home after a long and weary day and no sport.

Titus, however, on the contrary, was all life and spirits. He sang, or rather screeched in a cracked voice, hymns, which he announced as having been written by himself, to sire also efforts of his own composition.

The downs in Wiltshire are very extensive, and the road which Odam, in his cunning ingenuity, had selected, as being the one least likely to afford a track or clue to the purloiner of the late Earl of Templecombe's will and other papers, was over nine miles in length ere it was connected with even a village.

At the first collection of houses, however, there was a rather large goods station, where many trains stayed on their way to and from London, and here Odam expected to take a train either to or from the great city—he did not care which, so that for a few days he could safely avoid pursuit and detection, and then present himself to Tatchmax with the papers all arranged, classified, and valued, so that he might make such terms with his cunning employer as would ensure him that "fi hinguboux" and "rustic felicity" which he had held out to him as a bribe.

As he trotted onward with Titus, he cursed himself for his over astuteness; but yet after a little while it occurred to him that his lunatic companion could not possibly know the contents of the portmanteau; and if he learned that they were papers "of no value to any person but the owner," he might, and probably would, abandon his design upon it, if he had one. So he drew a longer breath or two, brightened up a little, and commenced a conversation with Titus in a more cheerful and companionable style than he had yet done.

Titus chuckled to himself, and chanted—

"There's money in it—there's money in it.
T. V. will pin it directly minnit."

They walked on for some five or six miles after this chatting in a more friendly way. Suddenly, Titus said, in an off hand tone—

"Anything very valuable in that bag o' yourn?"

Mr. Odam sniffed audibly.

"No—no—nothing of the smallest value," he returned, in a careless tone.

"Then why, when in the exooberance of my spirits an the hairiness o' my 'art I took a little gentle exercise with it, was you in such a state o' orful funk?"

"I was not in an awful funk," objected Mr. Odam, a little uneasily, for he did not quite like this reference to the portmanteau.

"There are only some shirts and socks, and a few papers—"

"A few papers," echoed Titus, with a sharp and peculiar intonation.

"Nothing of any consequence," pursued Mr. Odam, with rapidity, "nothing of the smallest value—only I thought it strange that you should start off with it as if you meant to rob me of it. I did not know that it was merely a bit of your humor, you know. You see, it is not altogether the day for larkish effervescence."

"No," answered Titus, grinning hideously again. "But my effervescences biles up an' runs over, like they scaldin' springs where the hice all comes from, an' when it spirts it mus' jes' spirt. Your name ain't Odam, is it?"

Mr. Odam almost dropped down dead when this abrupt question was put to him.

"No—no! Ou, no! Know nobody of that name—never heard of it before," he answered, with great quickness.

"Don't you, really," observed Titus, glancing at him out of the corners of his eyes. "Queer name, ain't it? Odam, a sort of a flend an' thief's name—a wicked, priggin' filchin', stealin' sort o' name, almost as bad as Taxmax-Matchmax—I mean Tatchmax. Orful low name that. Know Tatchmax?"

Mr. Odam's nostrils stood out like the joined entrances to two tunnels. He gazed straight before him.

"Never heard of it," he said, decisively, but swallowed a rather large bolus of emotion. His back "opened and shut."

"What can this maniac be driving at?" he thought, disquietingly.

"A good thing for you you don't," returned Titus, patting his hand on his shoulder, and pointing to some large sheds looming in the distance, evidently the railway station, "else I should lay my 'and on you an' say, 'Shouldn't wonder if you ain't Tatchmax's clerk, Odam, an' you've got in that parcel all the papers and dokewments which has been just stolen from Templecombe Priory.'"

Mr. Odam turned livid, and for an instant lost his vision. He laughed, as men do in such situations, without the least symptom of mirth, and presently faltered—

"Monstrous—ridiculous absurdity. I know nothing of the people you have named—not even the place."

Titus coughed huskily.

"Not much of a lie," he meditated. "If it had been me now who'd told it, people would ha' called me a unredeemed bad pledge."

Then, clearing his voice, and at the same time buttoning his coat, and making those kind of quiet preparations which people call "pulling oneself together," he remarked, in a self-possessed, cool, and perfectly unscrupulous tone—

"If you had been the clerk of Tatchmax—the scoundrel and waggerbone, Odam—an' you had got all those very important papers and will in that portmanter, I should purpose to you to go harves in the lot. But you ain't Odam, you say?"

"No," gulped Odam, with an impetuous wave of the hand.

"And you don't know Tatchmax?" persisted Titus.

"D—— Tatchmax!" gasped Odam in a delirious fashion.

"Wh, how white an' tremblin' you look!", half shouted Titus, grinning like a panther in his face. "Ain't you well?"

"No-o-o-o-o-o," muttered Odam, evidently quivering in every limb, and expecting to see Titus bring forth his knife in a maniacal fit.

"Weak an' tremblin'!" screeched Titus, shrilly; faint and fatigued! *Then I'll carry your parcel for you!*

With that he tripped Odam suddenly up, seized the portmanteau from him, and dashed off with it at his best speed.

For a moment Odam was stunned, and lay motionless; but recovering himself, he got on his feet, and set out after Titus.

"Hi! hi! hi!" he cried, at the top of his voice; "we'll go halves!"

Titus did not hear him—or, if he did, he would not; but he kept on at a steady pace.

There were yet at least two miles to cover, and Odam resolved not to permit his chance of a competency to be thrown away without a struggle.

"I will overtake him yet," he muttered, savagely, to himself. "It is but man to man. And if I can get hold of his knife, I will drive it to the haft in his heart."

Mr. Odam now discovered how naturally one crime leads up to the commission of another.

But Titus was not so easily overtaken, and was still ahead a quarter of a mile of the station, and as he swept round a wind of the road, he came plump on two policemen, who were whiling away their hours of duty in pleasant converse about the village maidens.

They both started into active life as they saw Titus, bag in hand, and cloak flying behind him, come spinning round the road, and he cunningly pulled up short directly he reached them. With that fertility of invention which had so often been useful to him, he pointed in the direction which he had come, and as well as his panting breath would permit him, he exclaimed—

"Pursued by highway robber—full chase o' me now. Where's the police-station? I'll run up there an' wait for you, for I shall drop down an' die in the road if I don't. Mind, he's armed with a knife! Be careful! You'll have a struggle with him."

The policemen drew their truncheons, pointed out the police-station about a hundred yards beyond the railway-station, and set out to meet Odam.

Titus Vink drew a deep breath, and at the best speed he could command went for the station—the railway, not the police-station. He reached it as a train was on the eve of being started. As a last exertion he bounded on to the platform, leaped into an empty compartment of a railway carriage as the shrill whistle of the guard sounded in his ears, closed the door with a bang, and was instantly whisked off towards London at the rate of forty miles an hour.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

The first day of the International Peace Jubilee, Monday, June 17, opened with delightful weather and brilliant prospects of success. The great features of the day were the rendering of the "Anvil Chorus" and "Star Spangled Banner," with the chorus of 20,000 voices, 1000 string, and 1000 wind instruments, the great organ, the anvils (in the selection from Trovatore), all the bells of Boston, and artillery accompaniment, and the giving of the "Blue Danube Waltz," by the grand orchestra, under the conduct of its composer, Herr Johann Strauss.

The playing of the English Grenadier Guards' Band on Tuesday (English Day), under the leadership of Mr. Dan Godfrey, the bandmaster, and the composer of the popular "Mabel Waltzes," "Guards' Waltzes," &c., created a furore such as can be seldom witnessed. After the conclusion of their very excellent playing, after they had been encored and cheered several times, after the chorus had sung "God Save the Queen" in their honor—very badly sung, it is true, but still in their honor—the English band of their own accord played the "Star Spangled Banner."

The other great attraction of Tuesday's performance was the debut of Madame Peschka Leutner. She sang an air from the "Magic Flute," accompanied by a full orchestra. At the close, the whole audience rose and applauded.

Wednesday, (German Day) was signalized by the appearance of the German Imperial Band, and the Emperor William's Cornet Quartet. The familiar song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" was given with a full chorus and orchestra arrangement, led by the great song-writer, Franz Abt. Madame Peschka Leutner made her second appearance, and Herr Johann Strauss, a decided favorite with the Jubilee audiences, presented his own set of "Morgenblatter Waltzes." The audiences have increased daily, and on Thursday, the day dedicated to France, there were nearly 50,000 persons in the Coliseum, 30,000 being auditors. The first piece was the "Gloria," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Madame Leutner sang a selection from the "Magic Flute," and the band of the Guard Republicaine, of Paris, made its first appearance. Its playing was greeted with great applause.

Courses from "The Creation" and "Elijah" were the *chefs d'œuvre* of Friday's (Austrian day) programme.

The "great" part of the Jubilee—called so by its projectors—comes to an end with Saturday evening, June 22, at which time the engagement of the members of the mammoth orchestra terminates. The Jubilee itself continues until the Fourth of July, but no promises are yet made of the novelties of the latter portion of the time.

Though there will be no orchestra of one thousand, no brass band of one thousand more, and perhaps no great chorus of seventeen thousand voices, of which it is so hard to find the beginning or end so great is the multitude, yet all the foreign bands, composers, and soloists remain for the performances of the second week.

The event of the coming week will be the grand ball, the music of which is to be furnished by the orchestra of the great Strauss, all of the members of which actually come from Vienna. It is supposed that the attendance on this occasion will be something immense. The arrangements are to be made on the same immense scale as characterized the proceedings of the first Jubilee week. Rumor has it that not less than one hundred people are to constitute a cotillion set. The figures are to be called simultaneously by one thousand floor managers. The booming of cannon is to mark the rhythm of the dance, and the rattle of musketry is to be the signal to choose partners.

Refreshments are to be served in grand style. Individual creams are to be handed around in punch bowls, and punch is to be brewed in cedar tanks holding tons each. But such is rumor only.

THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL.

The result of the session of Wednesday, June 19, of the Geneva Tribunal, appears to have been most satisfactory, and to have roused the hopes of the friends of the treaty to a high pitch compared to the feeling produced by the discouraging reports of the earlier portion of the sessions. There is reason to believe that a gratifying progress has been made toward a solution of the principal and most stubborn difficulties of the case, and that when the board again meets, on the 26th, these obstacles will be speedily removed, or at least placed in a fair way for an early adjustment, and the minor points of the treaty taken up and dealt with. Statements from persons in a position to obtain a knowledge of the movements and feelings of the arbitrators are most sanguine of such a satisfactory result, and it is to be hoped that the friends of humanity throughout the world may yet be granted an opportunity of pointing with pride at the success of the first attempt at a settlement of a vexed question between two great nations without a resort to the dread arbitrament of war.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. ATLANTIC.

The Athletic defeated the Atlantic on Saturday, June 15, by a score of 11 to 1.

ATHLETIC VS. BALTIMORE.

At Philadelphia, June 17, the Athletic defeated the Baltimore Club by a score of 14 to 3.

FOREST CITY VS. MUTUAL.

At Cleveland, June 15, the Forest City defeated the Mutual by a score of 11 to 4.

BOSTON VS. MANSFIELD.

At Boston, June 15, the Boston defeated the Mansfield by a score of 24 to 3.

BOSTON VS. ECKFORDS.

At Boston, June 20, the Boston Red-Stockings defeated the Eckford club by a score of 25 to 4.

MUTUAL VS. HAYMAKERS.

At Chicago, June 20, the Haymakers defeated the Mutuals by a score of 13 to 2.

COLONEL CLAFLIN.

THE COMING WOMAN COME—THE MODERN JOAN OF ARC—WHAT SHE WILL BE.

[From the Chicago Evening Post.]

The soul of Xantippe is marching on. Not in vain did Zenobia take lessons in equestrianism of the noble youth upon the plains of Asher; not in vain did Di Vernon lash her white charger upon the Scottish heath; not in vain did Joan of Arc find her glittering German-silver sword behind the altar in the Convent of St. Catherine; not in vain did Augustina Saragossa

"MAN" THE BATTERY

in the tower; not in vain did the Spartan sisterhood tear off their chignons for bow-strings and their buttons for bullets; not in vain did Sally Flanders capture the pirate-ship, and Moll Pitcher rend her petticoat for wadding upon the poised battle-field of Bennington. These were but the vague hints of the possibilities of aggressive womanhood—the crude cotyledons, of which Colonel Tennie C. Claflin is the mature and perfect hollyhock.

The coming woman has come! It is impossible that she should come any more completely. There can be no higher heights or lower depths. Having been

ELECTED TO THE COLONELCY

of the 37th New York Regiment of militia, colored volunteers, and having bought a roan gelding, and received as a present a cavalry saddle formerly occupied by Fremont in one of his pathfinding expeditions, and having become possessed of a regular colonel's uniform, she will mount to glory with her spurs on and achieve whatever there is of distinction in the bloody field of Jones' Wood.

She will make a speech to her cohorts to stimulate their courage, warning them that war means terrible fighting, maiming, dying, desolation, and rapine, and then she will put them through a rigid discipline, brandishing her sharpened parasol with vigor and saying: "Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to go around on the other side, some of you, and

FORM A HOLLOW SQUARE?

Please to hold your guns thus—oh! take care! don't point 'em this way!" It is understood that Demosthenes and Jezebel have gone in company in the inspiration business, and they will jointly direct the Woodhull Presidential campaign. If the electoral college shall declare a man candidate elected, it is understood that Tennie will hurl her sable minions upon that institution and put every elector pitilessly to the sword, on the ground that Victoria would have been elected if the women of the land had not been disfranchised. Stormy times are ahead.

A SHOCKING BAD HAT.

Why do men gaze with doubt and suspicion upon a shabby hat? Perhaps because it seems to show that the owner is going down the hill of adversity. If this is not so why is it impossible for a man to pass a worn-out hat without giving it a kick? I believe there is a tendency in the mind of every human being to kick an old hat out of his way whenever he may encounter it on the sidewalk. I have seen men go into the middle of the street simply to kick one of these dilapidated objects. A few years ago we noticed away ahead a most shocking hat, lying top downward on the sidewalk. A tall, consequential, dignified looking person was walking slowly on before, and as he approached the dilapidated tile he raised his right leg and gave it a vigorous kick, which ought to have sent it across the street, and would have done so if the hat hadn't been filled with paving stones. As he limped along we heard him mutter the word "d—n," and his countenance as we passed him wore an expression of dissatisfaction.

☞ A California farmer can ride twenty-seven miles in a straight line without going off his own property.

☞ A Boston paper states that several quarts of vest buttons were found on the floor of one of the public halls in that city after a humorous lecture had been delivered the previous evening.

☞ Wolf scalps in Illinois are worth $15 apiece.

☞ St. Louis, Mo., has four newspapers printed in Sclavonic dialects.

☞ A shower of fish-bones, in the interior of New York state, is the latest recorded natural phenomenon.

☞ A little French girl, who had lost her brother, let loose her inflated India-rubber ball on Ascension Day, when playing in the Tuileries. The nurse remonstrated with mademoiselle, but the little girl said she had purposely sent her ball soaring into the air that it might go up into Heaven, where her little brother had gone, that he might have something to play with and a *souvenir* from his sister.

☞ Do you think Jonah cried when he was in the fish's belly?" was the question put to an oily seaman by a sleek queerist. "Don't know," replied Jack, "but should think not, as there was plenty of blubber there without his'n."

☞ A sportsman in Richmond, Va., recently mistook the red turban of a colored lady which he saw moving about through the branches for a robin, and lodged a charge of shot in it. The supposed robin promptly retaliated with a brick.

☞ At Anderson, S. C., an old man aged 90 and his wife aged 87, died within an hour of each other, last week, after a married life of 70 years.

☞ A Des Moines telegram announced the arrest of a mail robber, adding that "*two mail keys* and a rifled letter were found upon the prisoner's person." One of the leading Chicago papers next morning came out with the announcement that the man arrested had on his person a rifled letter and *two nail kegs*.

☞ The modern woman when she has a nail to drive doesn't wait for her husband to come home. She catches hold of the nail as she would into the hair of a recreant son, swings the hammer over her head, and plunges downward. Then she ties up her fingers as well as she can, puts on her best bonnet, and goes right over to her mother's for a good cry, and her tea.

☞ The people of Chicago are taking airs because they have the Tabellarea Fenestrata, the Frugitaria Crotonenses, the Sorirella Splendida, and Stephanadiscus Niagarae in their drinking water.

☞ Republicans abroad will never get over wondering that nobility, and even royalty, when you get close to them, have very much the appearance of simple humanity. A lady correspondent of a Western paper is delighted at the discovery that the Prince of Wales hands his wife into a carriage, and even "carefully tucks in her petticoats," exactly like any other "old married man."

☞ A "scientist" has at last solved the ancient conundrum. "Can an Ethiopian change his skin?" This is the way he proposes to do it: The candidate will be first subjected to a bath of alkaline water. Having been well cleansed, he is placed in a room where a reliable thermometer indicates 120 degrees of Fahrenheit. After fifteen minutes' baking the partially cooked victim is conducted to a bath of chlorine water at the ordinary temperature. The heat has opened all the pores, so that the chlorine flows in and reaches the coloring matter. To keep it in the pores must be closed. To close the pores the subject must be introduced into an ice cellar, where he spends ten minutes in absolute agony, but relative bliss, for the next step is to drop his exhausted form into water heated to 180 degrees. In this the pores open, the chlorine grapples the coloring matter and departs with it, and our colored brother is colored no more.

☞ The Cincinnati Inquirer says: "The ruling passion strong in death' is an apt phrase, and finds many an illustration in everyday life. It was, perhaps, never better spoken than in regard to Bony Nash, the gambler, who recently died at the Cincinnati Hospital. Rallying temporarily, Bony came down town twenty-four hours before his death. Meeting a friend he was congratulated upon his improved appearance, and made the characteristic reply, '*I bet you twenty dollars I don't live a week.*' Poor Bony would have won on the turn."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

Imported Animals and Fowls—L. B. SILVER, Salem, O. je29-13t

FUN!—Send stamp to G. W. SOUTHWORTH & CO., Stoughton, Mass. 1t

WANTED—Agents to sell articles needed by every one. Address PLUMB & CO., Phila., Pa. je29-2t

BRACKETT CLOTHES HORSE.—30 feet Clothes Line in 8 inches space. Agents wanted. Sample sent for $1.50. Circulars free. C. S. BURNS, Box 939, Cincinnati, O. 1t

WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS'

PATENT IMPROVED EMPIRE WOOD

SPLITTER & PATENT BUNDLING MACHINE,

the best machines in the world, can be seen in operation in Sixteenth street, between avenues A and B, and at the wood yard of the Patentee, WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS, 164 East Twenty-fifth street, New York. Machines furnished at short notice. je29-13t

LOOK HERE!

Employment for all. Money easily made, and valuable presents given away. No capital required. Address, with stamp, F. M. PRIEST, Bryan, Ohio. je29-3t.

DELACOVE INSTITUTE

for Young Ladies, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

Popular for home, church, and school advantages. For circular, address the Principal, Miss RACHELLE G. HUNT. mh30-26t

SIXTY PER CENT. ALLOWED AGENTS ON "Carpentry Made Easy"—The best book for Farmers. HOWARD CHALLEN, Philada.

CITY OF THE GREAT KING—THE STANDard work on Jerusalem. Just reprinted. Agents wanted. HOWARD CHALLEN, Philada.

OSBORN'S PALESTINE PAST AND PRESENT Agents Wanted. HOWARD CHALLEN, jane15-7t Philadelphia.

WINE OF WILD CHERRY BARK

WITH IRON.

This elegant preparation is one of the best remedies for broken-down vital powers, nervous and mental prostration, loss of sleep anxiety, heart irregularities, indigestion, bronchitis, in convalescence from fevers. Ladies, Business Men, Clergymen, Students, Children, will find this a pleasant invigorating cordial. Prepared by a peculiar process, by H. & J. BREWER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Send for Circulars. Sold by Druggists. june15-3m

TO THE WORKING CLASS, male or female. $50 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; business new; full instructions and valuable package of goods to start with sent free by mail. Address, with 6 cent return stamp, M. YUUNG & CO., june15-3t 16 Cortlandt st., New York.

SKIN DISEASES.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

CERTIFICATES.

The following, from among a host of similar Testimonials of the extraordinary virtues of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, are selected for their brevity:—

Cure of Salt Rheum.

DR. GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I was for several weeks sorely afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands and fingers. Your Medicated Soap was recommended to me. I bought a cake, wetted it and rubbed it on my hands several times a day, and before the cake was used up, my hands were free from any disfigurements, and the cuticle all smooth and white. I had tried several remedies previously. You are welcome to print this testimonial to the worth of your Soap.

Yours, respectfully, HENRY BARTON, 84 Nassau street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, March 7, 1872.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I received your highly Medicated Soap, and have used it one week. During the time I used the first cake my face changed every day, until I was entirely free of pimples, and to-day I can say I possess a clear complexion, SOLELY FROM THE USE of your Soap. I wish you to forward me at your earliest moment ½ a dozen of your Italian Medicated Soap.

Wishing you success and a long life, I remain your friend, J. C. STROUP,

No. 45 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Stroup is a highly respected and well-known citizen of Pittsburgh, and trustworthy.

DR. GOURAUD'S SOAP is also a sovereign remedy for SCALD HEADS, SCALP DISEASES, MOTH PATCHES, SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, WORMS IN THE SKIN, and all SKIN BLEMISHES. Warranted, or no pay taken. 50 cents a cake. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S Old Established Depot, 48 BOND Street, and Druggists. Beware of imitations.

Gouraud's Soap.

We observe that Carleton & Hovey of this city advertise Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long since we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say from some experience years back, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that was ever manufactured. It costs even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to every man who shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

Mr. Crampton, the proprietor of the Golden Rule, says, whilst his son was in the country, he was terribly burnt. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap instantly cured him.

Ask the following well-known persons in the Nation's—Major-General SANDFORD, Colonel DU SOLLE, Editor; Capt. HYNDER, Ex-U. S. Marshal; FRANK QUEEN, Editor; RICHARD GRANT WHITE, H. S. MCKENZIE, Editor; and a host of other celebrities.

PREPARED BY DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 BOND St., New York, formerly of Walker street, and late of 453 Broadway. Established 31 years.

To be had of all Druggists.

50 cents a cake.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER needs no advertising; the demand for this admirable Cosmetic exceeds the Doctor's ability to supply promptly his customers. oct-1y

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Prof. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On Manhood, Womanhood, and their Mutual Inter-relations: Love, its Laws, Power, etc.

Send for specimen pages and circulars, with terms. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa. june22-1f.

Unprecedented Sales! Large Commissions!

WANTED.—Agents, male and female, to sell Pictures everywhere. One alone has retailed over 11,500. Another writes, "I can make more money in this business than I can on a $10,000 farm all stocked." Send stamp. WHITNEY & CO., Norwich, Conn. june22-2t

Agents Wanted for the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

HORACE GREELEY;

or Recollections of a Busy Life. Illustrated. The Life and Times of so great a Philanthropist and Reformer, cannot fail to interest every true American. Send $3.50 for sample copy. E. B. TREAT, Pub., 805 Broadway, N. Y. june15-4t

GET THE ONLY STANDARD BOOK of the kind published. A $100 saved yearly by all who possess it.

MORE MONEY

can be made by Agents in canvassing for Youmans's Dictionary of Everyday Wants, containing 20,000 Receipts in every Department of Human Effort, than in any other possible way. From $15 to $40 a week insured. It is for every Housekeeper, Farmer, Trade and Profession. For the Sick and well. A reliable book of permanent value to every wide-awake progressive person. It sells itself. Extra terms. Address F. M. REED, 139 Eighth Street, New York. mar30-24t

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine. ap13-26t

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. ja6-52t

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—FRANKLIN.

WHY will people pay $60 or more for a Sewing Machine when $25 will buy one that has a *standard* reputation, is double thread, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new and practical principles, runs by friction, and excels all others? These celebrated Machines are intended for poor people who want to save time, labor and money. ☞ AGENTS WANTED. Machines sent to Agents and given away to needy families. For Circulars and reduced prices, address Franklin and Diamond S. M. Co., Box 897, Boston, Mass. ap13-18t

PALMER

PATENTS. BEST IN USE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE

1609 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB C'T

Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,

FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for persons in want of *Limbs*, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

To avoid imposition apply only to

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,

1609 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

nov21-ff

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, &c., causing nervous debility, premature decay, having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. au10-1y

RUPTURE

Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Office, 651 Broadway, N. Y. Send for circular with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portrait. Beware of traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. 4t30-1y

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND SOUND, REFRESHING SLEEP guaranteed by using my "*Instant Relief for Asthma.*" *It acts instantly and completely, relieving the paroxysm immediately*, enabling the patient to *lie down and sleep*. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no longer, and work and sleep as well as any one. *Warranted* to relieve in every case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $1 per Box, and 10 cents for postage. Ask for it at your Drug Store. CHAS. B. HURST, dec28-1y Rochester, Beaver County, Pa.

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys. mar9-52t

POMONA NURSERY.

The largest, best, and cheapest Imperial and Colossal Asparagus, roots and seed. Herstine and Brandywine Raspberries, Blackberries, Rhubarb and Strawberries; Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Extra fine Concord Grape Vines. Send for Catalogue. WM. PARRY, CINNAMINSON, N. J. may18-26t

30 NEW SONGS, ARTS, and 20 NEW RECEIPTS, mailed free. THEO. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. my4-13t

MUSEUM OF WONDERS and elegant Chromo for 10c. CENTRAL BOOK CO., Garrettsville, Ohio. may18-13t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

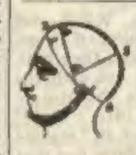
A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child. He now gives this receipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not dissipate. Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting Away of the Muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Penn., giving name of Saturday Evening Post. june1-3m

HARMLESS, INEXPENSIVE, and EFFECTUAL. Softens and whitens the skin. Enclose 25 cts. Address, VERITAS, Detroit, Mich. june22-4t

Yes, It Is True!

One Package of PROF. HALL'S MAGIC COMPOUND will force the Beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, post-paid; three for 50c. EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. ☞ Beware of parties offering a compound at the same price. my4-4t eow



R. DOLLARD,

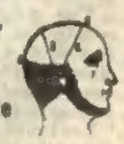
513 CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA,

Premier Artiste

IN

HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs,

WIT AND HUMOR.

A MODERN BELSHAZZER.

Belshazzer Smith had a very bad and very dangerous habit of walking in his sleep. His family feared that during some of his somnambulistic saunterings he would charge out of the window and kill himself; so they persuaded him to sleep with his little brother William, and to tie one end of a rope around his body and the other around the waist of little William. The very first night after this arrangement was made, Belshazzer dreamed that a burglar was pursuing him with a dagger. So he crept over to William's side of the bed, stepped over William's slumbering form, jumped out on the floor and slid under the bed. He stayed there a while fast asleep, and then his nightmare having changed, he emerged upon the other side of the bed, and got under the covers in his old place. The rope, it will be observed, was beneath the bed, and it was pulled taut, too. Early in the morning Belshazzer, about half awake, scrounged over against William. To his surprise the movement jerked William clear out of bed. Belshazzer leaped out to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, and at the same time his brother disappeared under the bed. Belshazzer, hardly yet awake, was scared, and he dived beneath his bedstead; as he did so he heard William skirmishing across the blankets above his head. Once more he rushed out, just in time to perceive William glide over the other side. Belshazzer just then became sufficiently conscious to feel the rope pulling him. He comprehended the situation at once, and disengaged himself. And perhaps little William was not mad? He was in the hospital undergoing repairs for about three weeks, and when he came out he had a strange desire to sleep alone. Belshazzer anchors himself now to an anvil.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

CLUBS FOR EDITORS.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask:

"But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

[We commend the moral of the above to a few of our old subscribers, who are "perfectly good," and require a great deal of dunning—*Ed. Post.*]

MOVEMENTS OF THE POTATO BUG.

The people of the West are the most successful people in the world in making sport of their misfortunes. One of their severest afflictions at this season is a visitation of potato bugs, and yet they crack jokes on the villainous insect as though their potatoes were in no danger. The vermin, by the way, bear the cracking of jokes remarkably well. One day we are told that the noble army of potato bugs has pitched its tents on the plains of Kansas, and is on short rations, waiting for the esculent root to put forth its sprouts. Then we get the announcement that in Wisconsin the potato bugs are sitting around on the fences, offering 75 cents a bushel for potatoes, and $1.50 a day for men to plant them. Next we hear that the potato bug will poll a full vote in Indiana, and proposes to adopt the cumulative system. Then we hear that these interesting creatures are holding a joint convention at Council Bluffs, and repudiate the one-term principle. The latest advices are to the effect that potato bugs are loafing about on the street corners in Dubuque awaiting the tardy growth of their favorite vegetable. Surely the potato bug, if not witty himself, is the cause of wit in others.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

A parson is responsible for this story: "Poor Jones died while you were away last summer. In all my experience I never saw so disconsolate and grief-broken a creature as poor little Mrs. Jones; it was very sudden, you know. I went to the house as soon as I heard of it; I offered my sympathy, but her sorrow was uncontrollable. In such cases I think it best that the mourner should be left alone. So I prepared to depart."

"'I will leave you, poor bereaved one,' said I, 'with this injunction: Pray—pray that God will vouchsafe His comforter; that He will enable you to perceive the promised bow in the—'

"'Oh, rector,' she burst in, 'how can you think of such a thing? It's too—too—too *premature*, I'm—I'm sure!'

"And," continued the old gentleman, checking the off rein and wheeling away from the gate, "after some cogitation I fancied that I discovered that the bow I was talking about and the 'beau' she was thinking about wasn't the same kind of a bow at all."

ASPIRATIONS OF A PRINTER'S DEVIL.

These "devils" seem to be brought up with a sad misapprehension of facts concerning editors, but this is no reason why they should pour out their feelings in such miserable verses as the following:

If I was a lickle editor,
Wouldn't I have a time?
I wouldn't print a cussed word
For leasen a $ a line.

I'd get my grub and licker free,
& tickets to the shows,
I wouldn't pay for buggy hier,
& wouldn't I wore good close!

A BOTHERED DARKEY.

In a Detroit barber's shop the other day, a purblind negro arose from his seat to take one of the barber's chairs, when, looking at one of the pier glasses, he saw, as he supposed, another gentleman about to take the chair. The old darkey at once apologized for rising out of his turn, and was about to sit down, when he noticed his image about to do the same. He again rose, and the mysterious stranger followed. This was repeated two or three times, much to the darkey's disgust, and he finally yelled out: "If it's your turn, why don't you sit down?" amidst shouts of laughter from the rest of the customers.

AN IMPORTANT SPRING.

Two neighbors, living in Winchester county, had a long and envenomed litigation about a small spring which they both claimed. The Judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "You honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!" The roar of laughter which followed proved that the entire audience saw the point.

DIRECTIONS FOR FAINTING.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons are about you, the more successful will be your fit. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view.

☞ In the Green Bay (Wis.) Post-office a notice is posted up, which reads as follows: "Price of three cent stamps, three cents each; licked and stuck, five cents each; the clock will answer the question, 'Has the mail closed?'"

COMFORT.

A white saint's face;—
Calm and holy, and lying there,
Alone among flowers, a sister, fair
As a white lily carved in ivory rare:
A waxen image all washed by tears,
For fading the wrinkles of sixty years
Into the beauty of perfect peace.

Her dear hair of gray
[illegible];—
Then left him alone with his dead awhile,—
His dear darling dead. "But only dead
To you for a little," was softly said
By lips that on others could only smile.
And the rustle of wings, as he held his breath,
Was heard with the trail of the garments of death.

They found him, by-and-by,—
This white-haired lover they'd thought would die—
Kissing her eyes as he had done of old,
And smoothing the tresses of ruined gold;
And smiling, and smiling, with thinking when
He'd meet with the dear old look again.
—*Portland Transcript.*

THE CAMANCHE'S LAST RIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

Harry Brown was reckless, and in many things unscrupulous, but I never knew him to break his word or to forget a favor. He was as bold and daring a plainsman as one could find. Few Camanches could surpass him in the management of a horse; and the fame of his ride, Fireflash, was spread over many leagues of land. He was tall and wiry. His face had been tanned to almost the color of walnut wood, and his features were as immobile and unchanging in their expression as though they had been carved from the same substance. No one knew anything of his life previous to his coming to Texas, and no one dared to inquire. He seldom spoke of himself; but one starry night, as he and I rode slowly through the prairie, he burst forth:—

"People talk a lot of nonsense about red-skins. Some try to make 'em out devils—and others try just as hard to make 'em angels. But red-skins are just like white folks—there's some good, some bad, and some middling among 'em. I've seen enough of 'em to know. There was that Camanche—darn if I wouldn't give all I'm worth to see him alive now!"

Having uttered this energetic exclamation, Brown puffed a thick cloud of smoke from his pipe, and mused awhile.

"I wasn't always the same devil-may-care fellow I am now," he resumed, "not by a long shot! I had a wife once—Blue-eyed Bessie, they used to call her at home up in Kentucky. She was the prettiest and best woman I ever set eyes on—and together we came down here to seek our fortune. To tell the truth, I couldn't stand the goings-on of that stingy old Scotchman, her father, and her mother!—well, you know what mother-in-laws are! Poor Bess didn't live long; before we had been down here two years, I laid her under the prairie grass. Ah! this is a gloomy world—but it would be gloomier if we didn't expect to meet some loved one in the next."

I had not expected to hear rattling Brown, as he was called, give utterance to such an exalted sentiment. My conscience reproached me for having judged him rashly.

"It was spring when we came down here. Bess was in high spirits. The bright, blue sky, the pure, soft air, the tender green of the prairie—all delighted her. Her sweet laugh rang out with all the joyousness of childhood, and often after a weary day's work it carried hope and content to my heart. But never mind that.

"We were on our way to Caballero Ranch. It was my intention to settle near that place. We travelled in a big canvas-covered wagon—and bless you! it was surprising how the two stout horses obeyed the softest-spoken word of my Bess! Sunset was pretty nigh one afternoon; we were thinking of camping for the night when a kind of moan coming from a clump of tangled bushes, attracted our attention. I got out of the wagon, and approached the spot. Bess followed me. We found an Indian lying among the bushes. At intervals low moans escaped from him, and he tossed his arms. His face was much inflamed and his features swollen. I knew by his dress and appearance that he was a Camanche. Bess stooped to take his hand.

"'Stop!' I said, 'he has the small-pox.'

"'Yes,' she returned, with a slight tremor in her voice, 'I see it; but we cannot leave him here to die.'

"'Nonsense! He is only a red-skin. Come away!'

"I shall never forget the look of reproach that shone from her gentle eyes.

"'He is a fellow-creature,' she returned, 'and I know my duty.'

"I was selfish—but I cared more for Bess than for myself. I commanded, I begged, I implored her to leave the Indian to his fate. It was useless. She set about attending to the red-skin at once. At last I consented to throw up a sort of tent for the Camanche. I felt that to be near that infected object was to be at death's door, but I didn't express my feelings, for Bessie's quiet courage made me ashamed of myself.

"Days passed. We remained on the same spot. There was a large stream near, buffalo were plenty, and I had Fireflash with me, so we didn't want for food and drink. The Camanche grew better. Neither of us caught the disease. I breathed freely; and we resumed our route. You never saw a more grateful creature than that red-skin. He appeared to look on Bess and me as superior beings—angels who had been sent to save his life. He insisted on accompanying us instead of returning to his tribe, and I managed to make him useful in many ways. His name, he told us, was Red Lightning—at least that's the nearest I can get to it in English. You should have seen him ride! Why, sir, I've seen him throw his whole body on one side of his horse in an instant, and with one heel over the animal's back, dash away with the speed of an arrow. Lightning was nothing to him!

"We reached Caballero Ranch, and somehow Bess managed to give the new place an air of home. Red Lightning stayed with us. I liked him better every day. He was intelligent and good-hearted. He only needed a light-colored skin to be superior to half the whites I've known.

"Did you ever see a prairie on fire? Well, I did. One summer evening Bess sat with her work on the veranda, and Lightning and I roamed down to the river. It was a pretty long distance from the house. There was a horse grazing down there that nobody about could ride. Lightning had come to make the attempt, and he succeeded. His horsemanship was worthy of his tribe. While I was watching him the horse began to show signs of terror, and a smell of smoke came on the breeze. We were in a small valley. The river ran before us, and on the other side a wall of quartz rock and a high barren hill cut off the rest of the country from our sight.

"I looked up at the sky. The gray clouds of evening were turning red. I hastened to the summit of the hill. My heart nearly ceased beating. The prairies between us and my house, and beyond it, were in flames. Lurid tongues leaped and quivered under the dense smoke as far as my sight could reach. The wind blew eastward—towards the house. The dry grass grew up to the very door. The Indian and I were safe in our present position, I knew—but Bessie!

"Suddenly Red Lightning forced the horse up the hill. He looked around on the burning plain. He shut his eyes tightly as if preparing for some great exertion, and then urged the affrighted animal down into the sea of fire. Time passed—hours, days, it seemed. I stood paralyzed, like one in a terrible dream, unable to move—unable to think.

"Out of the crimson glare came a flying horseman. He bore a burden before him on the half-mad horse. As he reached the foot of the hill the animal staggered and fell. Red Lightning arose from the prostrate body, and slowly mounted the hill, still dragging his burden. I hastened to meet him, sick with fear. Before I reached him he had sunk to the ground.

"'There,' he said, faintly, pointing to the burden, 'she is safe.' I lifted the folds of Lightning's blanket—he had wrapped it around her—and recognized Bessie. She was insensible but unhurt. I turned to the poor Indian. The fire had disfigured him fearfully. He returned my look with a faint smile, and raised his eyes to the glowing sky. His face twitched convulsively. Death seized upon him. The fire had done its work. It must be raining," concluded Harry, brushing a few bright drops from his face.

A TEASER FOR TEACHER.

Governess.—"Q.—Yes! Well, what's the next letter?"
Charlie.—"Ve nex' letter!"
Governess.—"Yes! Come—make haste and tell me!"
Charlie.—"*Oo* tell *me!* *Oo* tum here to teach *me*, me not here to teach *oo!*"

ROBESPIERRE.

A small, mean-looking man, weak limbs, always palpitating with a nervous shiver, and a timid, irresolute gait. His dress is faultless, neat and precise. Head powdered, not a single hair awry. Bright blue coat, buttoned tightly at the hips, but open at the chest to display the spotless waistcoat; yellow breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles. This costume is never varied, except that the shoes are sometimes exchanged for top boots. The face is sharp and peaky, the forehead projects over the temples, and is compressed at each side like that of a wild beast; eyes blue, deeply sunken, with heavy lids and a latent, savage sparkle; nose small, straight, expanded at the nostrils; mouth large; lips thin and pallid, and compressed at the corners; chin small and pointed; complexion yellow, livid, cadaverous. Habitual expression grave, with a half-sinister smile. Every muscle of the face working with a ceaseless twitch. Over the whole a terrible expression of concentrated purpose. When he speaks his gestures are awkward, his fingers work nervously; his voice is shrill and discordant; when agitated by rage or exultation it sounds like a hyena.

After leaving college, Robespierre became a student of jurisprudence. His studies completed he returned to Arras. His old friend, the bishop, procured him an appointment in the criminal court. He now distinguished himself as a strenuous advocate for the abolition of capital punishment; and not long after he had accepted the membership, being compelled, in virtue of his office, to condemn a criminal to death, he was so painfully affected that, rather than again undergo the same infliction, he chose to resign his office. Does not this read like the wildest fable? It was no hypocrisy; for what could he gain by it? Only the displeasure of his patrons. No: the nature of the man was utterly devoid of physical courage, and all such natures instinctively shrink from blood, which is, in their minds, inextricably associated with violence—with that physical contention for which their nerves unfit them. I have said that they instinctively shrink from blood; yes, until they taste it; then their appetite grows insatiable for it.

Even as late as 1791, we find him hotly maintaining his old war against capital punishment. On the occasion of a motion of Lepelletier Parget for its abolition, he uttered these remarkable words: "In the eyes of justice and mercy these death scenes, which are got up with so much solemnity, are nothing less than bare assassinations, solemn crimes, committed not by individuals, but by nations, and of which every individual must bear the responsibility. To take away from man the possibility of expiating his misdeeds by repentance or by acts of virtue, is, in my eyes, the most horrible refinement of cruelty."

Listen to these passages from the very speech in which he was urging upon the Assembly the death of the king: "For myself, I abhor the penalty of death; but a dethroned king in the heart of a Republic not yet cemented, neither prison nor exile can give him a harmless existence. It is with regret I pronounce the fatal truth, Louis must perish because our country must live. I vote for death."

The mind of this man had passed through many phases since he resigned his office at Arras on a similar question. His was a sluggish mind—its qualities developed slowly, and each quality required a separate stimulant to become active. He felt but little of ambition then, for he beheld no great object within his reach; and remember, he possessed no daring, no talent for the impracticable; but little of envy, for his associations were mediocre. Egotism must have always been prominent, but it was the egotism of ideas, the worship of an ideal standard of lofty principles which he had created within, the worship of self in the abstract. But now in the year 1791, the supreme greatness was within his grasp; he might become the founder of the republic of his dreams, establish the idolized principles of Rousseau, be the creator of a new order of things, the great philanthropist of all ages. He had been brought into collision with every phase of greatness—greatness of soul, of intellect, and of station; conscious inferiority humiliated him, and in such a mind envy grew in proportion to humiliation. The growth of egotism was a natural consequence to that of other passions. Although still a believer in the principle of the abolition of capital punishment—for this strange being never forsook a principle once formed—that principle was dwarfed into insignificance beside the mightier ones that now burned within his mind, filling him with a wild fanaticism, fixing his eye afar off upon the future, binding him to the present, hurrying him on with the resistless fury of a demoniac. Sweep away king, sweep away queen, nobles, every enemy, every rival of Maximilian Robespierre! Let every stone of Paris stream with blood; pile up corpses until they crimson the face of heaven; decimate the world, so that the great Ego may triumph! Then for the millenium, the reign of peace, equality, liberty, fraternity, eternal love and good fellowship—no more hunger, no more crime, no more blood-spilling!

But this gigantic programme grew in his mind only by degrees. The cowardice of his nature would have shrunk appalled, even on the very eve of its realization, at the vision of the reign of terror. With the short-sightedness of all great criminals he thought he could stay his hand at any moment. The king removed, the nobles swept away, and the bloody work was done. How small a sacrifice for so grand an end! But it was the old fable of the Hydra, in this case multiplied a hundred fold, for, for every head cut off, two sprang up in its place, which doubled and quadrupled until the victims had to be condemned in batches of fifty and sixty at a time, until canals of blood ran through the streets, until he was heard to say in his solitude, "Nothing but blood—how much more—when will it end?" But it was not the cry of humanity—of that he possessed not a particle; human suffering touched him not at all—to that he was utterly callous. Amid all the frightful butchery he lived through, he never raised his voice to save one human life. There is an anecdote told of him which will better exemplify his nature that pages of description. A friend with whom he was most intimate, and who was sincerely attached to him, begged him to save the life of a certain prisoner who was ordered for execution. "At what hour is he to suffer?" asked Robespierre. "At 8," was the reply. "I would most willingly oblige you, but I never rise till 9. It is impossible," answered the despot. The man was marble.

Answers to Correspondents.

FORRAKER, (Wheeling, W. Va.) writes: "I have been very much interested in your correspondents' column ever since its commencement, and have concluded to come to you for advice. I am eighteen years of age, and love a young man four years my senior. I have good reason for thinking that he used to return my love, but recently his manner towards me has changed. He never pays any attention to me any more, and treats me as he would a common acquaintance. I would think he did not care for me any more, and would resolve to tear his image from my heart, if I did not detect him looking very earnestly at me and watching my every movement. When I would look up suddenly he would turn his eyes and attention to something else. And something he has told a mutual friend has made me think that he still cares for me. I have been very undecided and miserable, and have at last concluded to go to you. The Post has been a welcome visitor in our family for over twenty years. Please tell me what kind of writer I am, and how I could improve my writing?" Your case does not seem to us at all a desperate one. If the young man is but twenty-two, he probably does not know his own mind yet; and if you love him, you can afford to wait in patience for awhile. If you think he is acting the male flirt with you, you might try turning the tables on him. That has often a happy effect in bringing people to their senses. If you should find that he is really disposed to forsake you, take our advice and cease to trouble your mind about him. As the old proverb says, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." Your writing is very tall. Careful practice is the best mode to improve it.

G. W. P. (Mound City, Mo.,) says: "Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions, and oblige a friend? 1st. What important change was made during Adams's Administration? 2d. Are there more than thirty-seven States admitted into the Union? 3d. Can I purchase Webster's Unabridged Dictionary from the Post, and how much will it cost? 4th. What are the clouds that surround Mother Earth, from which rain falls? and please state the philosophy of that question." The change you refer to is probably that of the seat of Government, which was removed to the city of Washington during Adams's Presidency. 2d. No. 3d. We can provide you with it. Price $14.00. 4th. Clouds are produced by condensation of the vapor of the air. This vapor rises from the earth and Ocean under the influence of solar heat, is carried along by the winds, condenses into cloud, and finally falls as rain.

ELLA (Sandusville, N. Y.,) writes: "If you will not think me too ignorant I would like to ask a question. I often read of the Prince of Wales as the future King of England. I thought the oldest child was heir to the throne—and is not the Princess Victoria, wife of the Crown Prince Frederick William, oldest child. I have often read of her as the Princess Royal, and I have never seen that title given to Queen Victoria's other daughters." According to the English law of succession, the oldest male in the direct line, is heir to the throne. Hence the Princess Victoria, though the oldest child, could only succeed in the event of their being no direct male heir. Her title of Princess Royal is simply a title of honor given her as the oldest daughter of the Queen.

LAURA, (Oak Lane, Ill.) says: "Will you please give a reader of your valuable paper a little advice? 1st. The gentleman who has been waiting on me for some time is what I consider a perfect flirt. When he is with me he says I am the only lady he loves, or ever will love; and at the same time I can hear of his going to pic-nics and fishing parties, and also corresponding with some other young ladies. He is handsome and very wealthy, and, indeed, one to win almost any young lady's heart. Now what do you think you would do if you were in my place, flirt him at once, or keep receiving his attentions? 2d. Do you think it proper for a young gentleman to kiss a lady before they are engaged?" Is not our friend Laura unnecessarily exercised concerning the vagaries of her young man? There appears nothing to show that he has told any other girl that he loves her, only and forever. That a young, handsome, wealthy, and flirtatious gentleman can be kept from pic-nics and parties, and from innocent correspondence with his lady friends, is not perhaps to be expected. If you love him and he continues to appear to love you, and he commits no more serious fault than a little innocent sowing of wild oats, there is no reason for your discarding him. The frame of mind you appear to be in is just the one to turn him in earnest from you. Render yourself so cheerful and agreeable that he will have no stronger attraction elsewhere. As to your second question, no positive answer can be given. A great deal depends upon the circumstances of the case—especially the customs of society at the place where the lady resides.

A KENTUCKIAN (Lexington, Ky.) writes: "Why is the game backgammon so called? When and by whom was the hymn, 'I would not live always,' written? Why is the last day of a school term called Commencement Day? In writing for the press, is the sheet on which I write the proper size to use? Should I leave a margin, as in this? Is it necessary to send my real name? And what is the best mode of folding and sending a long piece? Is my writing plain and my punctuation good?" The name Backgammon is said to be derived from the Welsh, back, little, and common, combat, fight. Another derivation is from Anglo-saxon bac, back, and gamen, a game. We do not know the author of the hymn. Examine your hymn books. Commencement day is so called because on that day the graduates are supposed to leave the world of books, and commence life in the world of practical labor. The paper you use is suitable for the purpose. It is best to leave a margin, and take every other means to render your writing easily legible. The real name should accompany all manuscript. Fold so as to make as few creases as possible, and do not roll manuscript, if it can be avoided. Your writing and punctuation are passable.

HILDEBRAND (Jackson, Md.,) writes: "I want you to tell me if grants of land are now being made to settlers in Oregon—and, if so, what is the cost of obtaining it? And would it be profitable for a young man with small capital to invest it in that State? Would there be a probability of its increasing in value in a few years so as to pay him for the trouble and expenses of getting it, provided he should want to sell in that time? What is the population of Oregon at the present time? Two numbers of the Post have failed to make their appearance. I am under the impression that their failure is owing to the neglect of the Post-office officials. I think they allowed some person to take them out who never returned them, and who was not authorized by me to get them. Can I do anything with them for their re-place? What do you dislike of my handwriting?" Any public lands in Oregon over which the Government survey has passed, and which have not been taken up, are open for settlement under the provisions of the Homestead Law. As to whether investment in land in that State would prove remunerative, would depend on the character and location of the land. If chosen with proper judgment and foresight, it probably would prove profitable. There are now over eight million acres surveyed in the state—much of it highly fertile. The population is about 160,000. You should enter complaint at the Post-office concerning the loss of your papers. Your handwriting is poor.

COUNTRY GIRL (Salina, Penn.,) writes: "Please permit an old and faithful admirer of your dear weekly visitor to trouble you with a few foolish questions. I say old admirer, for I remember very distinctly that some eighteen years previous to the present date I learned my A, B, C's in the Saturday Evening Post, and have kept up reading it ever since. Ah, many changes have come over us both since then, dear friend, but as I do not intend to write an article on the vicissitudes of life I will begin with my questions. Is the first place should a lady who is not in love marry a gentleman whom she sincerely respects and who truly loves her, yet she does not feel the love for him that he expresses for her? Do you think that such a marriage would be a happy one? Which is the longest railroad in the world? Does Daily Variety mean a certain figure, or a quality, of dress goods? I have been contending with a friend on the subject who says that it means the quality. I say that it is a certain figure or print, without regard to color or quality." We are glad to hear that you have such pleasant reminiscences connected with the Post. Many happy marriages occur under the circumstances you mention. You must not suppose that love always is the ardent passion so often described in romances. There are many cases of passionless love in real life, but a sincere and affectionate respect often proves the deeper and more durable tie of the two. The Union Pacific is the longest line of railroad. You are right, the Daily Variety is a style, not a quality of goods.

CRITIC, (Philadelphia) asks: "Who is the author of East Lynne, Mrs. Wood or Miss Braddon?" Mrs. Wood. He is also solicitous that we should decide which of our short story writers is the best, giving his own opinions decidedly and intelligently. He fails to consider the fact that our decision would be no more final than his own, and could be no more than our individual opinion. There is no fixed standard of excellence in fiction, by which the merit of any writer may be directly measured, and between writers so diverse in style it is frequently impossible to make a comparison. We feel gratified to have our writers praised by an intelligent critic, being convinced, as we are, that they truly deserve it.

N. C., (Steuben Co., N. Y.,) writes: "I have taken great interest in your column of correspondence, and will now send a few questions which I hope you will answer. 1st. What is a Normal School? Is there any other than a State Normal? Are they wholly supported by the State, and how many are there in the State? 2d. Where can a person learn telegraphing the cheapest and quickest, by going to a commercial college, or by going in some office on the railroad and learning? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. A Normal School is one instituted for the purpose of instructing those who wish to become teachers. They are not, by any means, all State institutions, as every important city has its Normal School. We do not know how many such schools there are in the State of New York. 2d. Any practical matter can be learned more rapidly and effectually by making it a business than by following it as a study. In a telegraph office the business is entirely practical; in a school it is largely theoretical. Your handwriting is too large and uneven.

F. J. M., (Parkman, O.) says: "You would much oblige a constant reader of the Post by sending our critic's diagram and geometrical analysis of the squirrel problem to the one which sent it to you." We are, unfortunately, unable to do anything of the kind. With the immense accumulation of letters on our hands we can only keep them long enough to read and use them, and the letter in question has probably passed "the ordeal by fire" before this. Our recollection is that the diagram was simply a circle, with a spot in the centre to represent the tree, and a description of the angle made by the line joining the head and tail of the squirrel with that joining the hunter and the squirrel at each point of progress around the tree. It was incorrect because the tree was not a spot in a horizontal plane, but a vertical line, with the squirrel near its summit.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in an next.]

A Practical View of Umbrellas.

Among the uses to which the umbrella may be put, is poking an utter stranger afflicted with lumbago, in the back, under the impression that he is Smith. It also serves to keep off the rain; first, when it rains; second, when it does not rain. Its uses in the first event are palpable to the most naked eye. The second case may be practically illustrated by taking an umbrella down town of a cloudy morning. The inevitable result is that the skies clear up toward nine o'clock, and you return home in a sweltering glare of sunlight and suffocated with dust, bearing with you an umbrella, which convinces all who meet you that you are a little erratic or very shiftless. If the present writer were an honest farmer suffering from a corner in rain, he would put on a pair of patent leather boots and a light spring suit, and go on a long walk without an umbrella. It would be sure to rain combined mowers and reapers—let alone pitchforks—before night. Umbrellas are not considered private property, any more than the air of heaven, and the rain which falleth alike upon the Democrat and Republican. You may take one with impunity at any time, if you are not observed. The last characteristic of the umbrella is its Protean power of changing shapes. You may leave a bran new mulberry silk with an ivory and rosewood handle at any public gathering, taking therefor a check, and within three hours it will transform itself into light blue or faded brown cotton, somewhat less in size than a circus tent, with a handle like a telegraph pole, and five fractured ribs.—*Chicago Post.*

☞ A boy sixteen years old has been sent to the Virginia State Prison for forgery.

RECEIPTS.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two pounds of fine, large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of *small* jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put two pounds of fruit into a bowl, and pour upon it half a gallon of best white wine vinegar. The following day strain the liquor on two pounds of fresh raspberries, and the next day also; but take care not to squeeze the fruit, only drain it as dry as possible. The next day pass it through a canvas bag, previously wet with vinegar. Put the whole into a stone jar with a pound of sugar (broken into lumps) to every pint of liquor; stir till dissolved, then stand the jar in a saucepan of water (placed over the fire till it simmers) taking care to skim well; then bottle it tight.

FROZEN CUSTARD.—Make a custard as for a pudding. Let it boil: sweeten and flavor, then freeze.

GREENS.—Greens are perhaps the most wholesome vegetables in the world, but cooks will render them indigestible and sickening. Woe to those who partake of greens of a rusty color, smelling of rank poison, or overcooked to a mash! For a week the unwary eater will suffer a martyrdom in health and temper. The right way to boil greens or broccoli is to wash each head singly in warm water, then in cold, where they must remain two hours, then be drained. A large saucepan *full* of boiling water, in which place a lump of salt and a piece of washing soda the size of a horse-bean; when this is dissolved put in the greens, cover *them closely*, make them boil up *very fast*, then put them down well in the water and cover again. Turnip greens will cook thus in five minutes, bunch greens in a quarter of an hour, broccoli in twenty minutes, a savory about the same time; then let the water be drained from them through a colander, be pressed closely down with a plate, and the colander be kept over a saucepan of hot water, but not to touch it, to keep warm till they are needed. The green water must never be thrown down a drain within the house or out of it, but be thrown into a garden or on coal ashes, or on the earth.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Mince the white meat of a chicken fine, or pull it in bits; chop the white parts of celery; prepare a salad dressing thus: rub the yolks of hard-boiled eggs smooth with a spoon, put to each yolk a teaspoonful of made mustard, half as much salt, a tablespoonful of oil, and a wineglass of strong vinegar; put the celery on a large dish; lay the chicken on that; then pour it over the dressing. Lettuce cut small, in the place of celery, may be used. Cut the whites of the eggs in rings to garnish the salad.

APPLICATION OF THE GERM THEORY TO MAKING PRESERVES.—Miss Lydia Becker, although best known as a writer on political economy and social science, gave a valuable hint during a recent discussion of the British Association upon the "Germ Theory," in which she showed its bearing upon the making of preserves, and keeping mold from settling on the jam. According to the old practice of leaving the pots uncovered for several days, time was allowed for the germs in the atmosphere to descend and settle on the jam, which was a capital soil, and the result was a plentiful crop of mold. She therefore advised the ladies in the section, when making preserves, to cover up the pots while the sweetmeats were in a heated condition.—*Department of Agriculture Reports.*

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BURIED EUROPEAN CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. I have just returned from England.
2. Harman Chester is the best scholar in school.
3. Carl is bondsman for me.
4. Be sure and remember line and hook, Tom.
5. Should "C" or "K" be used when spelling "almanac."
6. Grandpa rises at 8 A. M.
7. Charlie Weber never said so.
8. Martha then started for home.

Belleville, Wis. JUNIUS.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 7, 15, 4, 19 is a tree spoken of in the New Testament.
My 23, 47, 31, 5, 48 is read of in astronomy.
My 14, 37, 6, 5, 39 is a mountain.
My 8, 1, 18, 33, 5, 16, 40, 9, 12, 1 is a nation of old.
My 41, 33, 20, 16, 25, 11 was a righteous man.
My 13, 22, 24, 34 is an animal.
My 1, 33, 2, 16 is the name of a wicked king.
My 3, 15, 36 12 is an instrument of music.
My 7, 46, 30, 48 is a ferocious beast.
My 29, 27, 45, 36, 44, 38, 1 is a book of the Bible.
My 17, 32, 33, 10, 43 comes to all.
My whole is a precious saying of our Saviour.

LUTU.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Old.
To donate.
Wicked.
Earthenware.

S. E. SMITH.

MECHANICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A smooth tube, of uniform bore, is bent into the form of a circular arc, greater than a semi-circle, radius ten feet, and placed in a vertical plane, with its open ends upward, and in the same horizontal line. Find the velocity with which a ball that fits the tube must be projected along the interior, from the lowest point, in order that it may pass out at one end and re-enter at the other the depth of the centre of the circle below the horizontal line through the two ends of the tube, being 6 feet.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

A correspondent asks us the following *apropos* conundrum:

☞ Suppose you had caught a number of the emissaries of his Satanic Majesty, and wished to send them home again, why should you call upon Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great merchant of New York, for his assistance? Because he is the greatest importer (im-porter) in the country. Oh!

☞ Why are elections like teas? Because the canvass ends at the polls.

☞ What flower should be the emblem of Truth? The li(e)ac.

☞ What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

☞ A bewildered swell can't understand how it is that a storm looks heavy when it keeps lightning? and the darker it gets the more it lightens?

☞ Sunday-School conundrum: What nobleman is mentioned in the New Testament? Baron Fig Tree.

☞ A correspondent tells the following story conundrum: A boy in Western Texas was about to be expelled from school, but the teacher, being very fond of puzzles, said to him: If you will make me a puzzle that I cannot answer in thirty minutes, you may continue to come to school. The boy looked at the teacher and said: I see what man often sees, things seldom see, and God never saw. The teacher gave it up; also concluded that it was an unreasonable question, as God sees everything. The answer the boy gave was, *A superior.*

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE—Edward Preble. ENIGMA—Island of Newfoundland. WORD SQUARES—

I.
EAR
ACE
RED

II.
EVEN
VINE
ENOW
NEWS